Scotland Yard Past and Present

Chatto & Windus Piccadilly

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

"DEAR SIR,—My boy Cedric, till three weeks old, did not get on at all well with his food. I then gave him 'Mellin's,' and he improved at once, and has had your Food and Biscuits ever since. He is so good-tempered, bright and healthy, his flesh being firm and without any flabby fat—altogether a credit to your preparations. I enclose photo. taken at ten months, weight being 23 lbs.—Yours faithfully,

"H. C. FENTON."

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS

(Manufactured by Carr & Co., Carlisle, specially for G. Mellin.)

For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a Simple, Nutritious and Sustaining Food.

DIGESTIVE, NOURISHING, SUSTAINING.

Price **2s.** and **3s. 6d.** per tin.

Samples, Pamphlet and Prospectus post free on application to

G. MELLIN, MARLBORO' WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

This sweetly scented Emollient Milk is superior to every other preparation for rendering

THE SKIN

SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE.

It entirely removes and prevents all **Roughness, Redness, Sunburn, Chaps,** And all other blemishes of the Skin caused by

SUMMER'S HEAT OR WINTER'S COLD.

It keeps the Skin Cool and Refreshed on the Hottest Day in Summer, and Soft and Smooth in the Coldest Winter.

"BEETHAM'S" is the Only Genuine.

Bottles, **1s., 2s. 6d.**, of all Chemists and Perfumers. Free for **3d.** extra by the Sole Makers.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION,
WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,
DISORDERED LIVER & FEMALE AILMENTS.

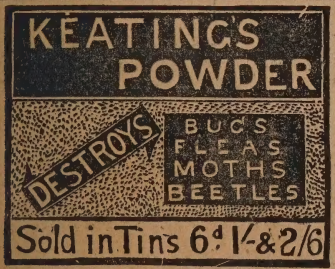
The Sale is now Six Million Boxes per annum.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

(The 1s. 1½d. Box contains Fifty-six Pills.)

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.



KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Absolutely the best-known remedy ever made for

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

Strongly recommended by the most eminent Doctors.

TINS ONLY, 1/1½ and 2/9.

FOR HOME AND WHEN TRAVELLING.

SAVES WASHING. TO BE BURNT AFTER USE.

HARTMANN'S

Single Samples gratis on application.

TOWELETTES.

1/- per doz., 6d. per ½ doz., wrapped in White paper; 1/4 per doz., wrapped in Blue paper (New Make); 2/- per doz., wrapped in Gold paper; 2/- per doz., wrapped in Yellow paper (Special Make, for Use after Accouchement.) *Supplied by all Ladies' and Children's Outfitters throughout the world, also at the Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores.* Packets of one dozen at 1/3, 1/7 and 2/3, post free, with descriptive circular, containing Testimonials from the Medical Profession. *Address*—"THE MANAGERESS,"

THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL CO., Ltd., 26, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, E.C

FURNISH
THROUGHOUT
(REGD.)

OETZMANN & CO.

Catalogue post free.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
LONDON, W.

Edited by JEROME K. JEROME and ROBERT BARR.

THE IDLER.

6d. MONTHLY.

THE BEST WORK OF THE BEST WRITERS AND THE BEST ARTISTS.

CONTRIBUTORS:—

MARK TWAIN.	W. CLARK RUSSELL.	I. ZANGWILL.
RUDYARD KIPLING.	ANDREW LANG.	EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
BRET HARTE.	WALTER BESANT.	F. W. ROBINSON.
J. M. BARRIE.	CONAN DOYLE.	BARRY PAIN.
JEROME K. JEROME.	LUKE SHARP.	GRANT ALLEN.
HALL CAINE.	E. W. HORNUNG.	W. L. ALDEN.
JAMES PAYN.	GEO. R. SIMS.	&c.

ARTISTS:—

J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.	J. GULICH.	J. F. SULLIVAN.
IRVING MONTAGU.	FRED PEGRAM.	GEO. HUTCHINSON.
A. S. BOYD.	HAL HURST.	H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.
RONALD GRAY.	R. JACK.	SYDNEY COWELL.
DUDLEY HARDY.	E. M. JESSOP.	&c.
"CYNICUS."	Miss HAMMOND.	

SPECIAL FEATURES APPEARING MONTHLY IN

THE IDLER.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY ALL THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS,
ENTITLED

"MY FIRST BOOK."

BY

WALTER BESANT.	HALL CAINE.	J. M. BARRIE.
JAMES PAYN.	G. R. SIMS.	CONAN DOYLE.
W. CLARK RUSSELL.	MISS BRADDON.	RIDER HAGGARD.
GRANT ALLEN.	RUDYARD KIPLING.	ROBERT BUCHANAN.

JEROME K. JEROME, &c. &c.

A SERIES OF POWERFUL SHORT STORIES BY

RUDYARD KIPLING.	CONAN DOYLE.	BRET HARTE.
W. CLARK RUSSELL.	ROBERT BARR.	W. L. ALDEN.
	&c. &c.	

THE IDLERS' CLUB,

By G. R. SIMS, BARRY PAIN, I. ZANGWILL, LUKE SHARP, JOSEPH HATTON, EDEN PHILLPOTTS, CLEMENT SCOTT, MRS. LINTON, &c. &c.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

SCOTLAND YARD.

Ex-Chief-Inspector Cavanagh was for many years connected with the Detective Department, Scotland Yard. The stories in the book purport to be his personal experiences. They extend from about 1855 to 1892.

DETECTIVE STORIES BY DICK DONOVAN.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. *each ; cloth*, 2s. 6d. *each.*

The Man-Hunter: Stories from a Detective's Note-Book.

"For such a book as this popularity is certain. The tales are very cleverly told, the situations are thrilling and exciting, and the ingenuity and patience with which the slender threads of evidence are followed up is remarkable."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Caught at Last!

"The fascination which Prince Bismarck is known to find in tales of this kind is shared by innumerable readers in every part of the world ; nor is there any difficulty in discovering the secret of this attraction."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Tracked and Taken!

"Mr. Donovan's superiority to his numerous imitators in this line of writing lies in his wide experience of life, embracing a knowledge of the ways of criminals and of human nature. It is this experience, combined with an attractive and simple style, that has led to the enormous success of Mr. Donovan's detective stories."—*Dundee Courier.*

Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan? &c.

"Dick Donovan is in the front rank of detective story-tellers. . . . The stories are really clever and interesting, and assuredly they will be read with pleasure by all who care for detective stories."—*Scotsman.*

The Man from Manchester. With 23 Illustrations.

"The adventures of a successful thief-catcher, well told by himself, have a *bizarre* fascination of their own, and certainly Dick Donovan's exploits lose none of their glory in his deft handling."—*Whitehall Review.*

Tracked to Doom.

"This is one of the best of Dick Donovan's detective stories."—*Vanity Fair.*

A Detective's Triumphs.

"Within the covers of this book will be found eleven exciting stories by the well-known Dick Donovan. As for the stories, they are unique in their peculiar way. The volume abounds in sensational effects, and is capital reading for idle people at the seaside."—*Public Opinion.*

Wanted!

"If we except, perhaps, the inimitable Sherlock Holmes series, Dick Donovan's tales are easily at the head of modern detective fiction."—*Scottish Leader.*

In the Grip of the Law.

"Readers who enjoy the worming-out of dark secrets, the detection and hunting down of desperate criminals, and the strangely fascinating details which are sometimes associated with crime, will find abundant entertainment here."—*Academy.*

From Information Received.

"Just the sort of book to dispel the monotony of a railway journey or the depression of a wet day in a country house."—*Daily Telegraph.*

LONDON : CHATTO & WINDUS, 214 PICCADILLY, W.

SCOTLAND YARD

PAST AND PRESENT

Experiences of Thirty-seven Years

BY

EX-CHIEF-INSPECTOR CAVANAGH

London
CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY
1893

LONDON:
HENDERSON AND SPALDING, LIMITED, GENERAL PRINTERS,
3 & 5, MARYLEBONE LANE, W.

PREFACE.

For a long time past I have been urged by many friends, both in and out of the Police, to write my long and varied experiences; those in the Service being anxious to know how duty and details were carried out nearly forty years ago, while my friends outside the Force wanted a little information concerning Operas, Theatres, Casinos, Music Halls, &c.

These I have given them, and hope I have been the means of satisfying their expectations.

A portion of the "Experiences" appeared in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* for a number of weeks, I receiving many hints and valuable advice from its editor, Mr. Thomas Catling, whom I now beg to thank.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

	PAGE
Early Experiences	1
In the "M" Division	10
The Reserve Room	13
On my First Beat	22
In the Kitchen	37
The Cells	46
My Last Days in the Borough	50
In the "A" Division	52
No. 1, Palace Place	56
The late Chief Constable Williamson	62
The "No. 1" Cat	64
"Dick Tanner," the Capturer of Müller...	66
Sir Richard Mayne	74
A Few Incidents in Sir Richard Mayne's Career ...	78
A Great Forgery Case	81
Jonathan Whicher.—The Road Murder	85
The Confidence Trick	89
The Late Hugh Eccles	92
Mr. James J. Thompson, Ex-Superintendent, Bow Street	98
Mr. Tom Butt	102
Superintendent Shore, Detective Department	106
An Orgie at the House of Commons	109
The Magistrate and the Cabman.—Bow Street	117
Mr. Thomas Kittle, late of the Executive Branch ...	119
Superintendent Ware, Public Carriage Office	121
Final Police Notes	123

PART II.

	PAGE
Places of Entertainment.—St. Martin's Hall	125
Monsieur Jullien	129
Jullien's Bal Masqué	134
E. T. Smith	138
At Drury Lane	141
A Case for the Sessions from the "Lane"	151
Mr. Smith at the Alhambra	157
Her Majesty's Opera	163
A Trip to Margate on board the "Prince of Wales"	173
A Scene on Ramsgate Sands	177
Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," at the Lyceum	183
Opera at the Lyceum	187
"Jimmy" Stride in Trouble	189
English Opera at the Lyceum	192
A Saturday Night Incident in Whitehall	195
The Argyle Rooms and the Holborn Casino	198
The Oxford Music Hall	215
Sir Charles Warren, K.C.B.	224
Music Halls, Past and Present	227
Epilogue	230

SCOTLAND YARD

PAST AND PRESENT.

PART THE FIRST.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

In the year 1856, when attached to the Correspondence Office, Great Scotland Yard, a letter was received from an applicant for employment in the service. It was as follows:—

"Having been out of an engagement for many months, and being unable to obtain employment of any kind, as a last resource I beg to apply for the position of constable in the Metropolitan Police."

This was replied to by Captain Harris, one of the assistant commissioners, in the following words:—

"Inform the applicant that the Police Force of the Metropolis is not a refuge for the destitute."

How often have I turned these words over in my mind! I should say that nine-tenths of all who have ever joined the Metropolitan Police from its formation in 1829 to the present time have done so through "stress of weather." Be this as it may, I only know that it was so in my own case. I had been out of employment for a long time, and made up my mind to get into the Police, or, failing this, to trot over the way to the Horse Guards and take the Queen's shilling. I was fortunate enough, with thirty-six others out of 140 applicants, to get on. This was in March, 1855, the time of the Crimean War. Certain preliminaries having to be gone through, I was "posted" on the 11th of June following to the "M" or Southwark division. The locality was the Borough, and, believe me, the Borough was the Borough in those days; not intersected by railways and broad streets as it

is at the present time, but the Borough pure and simple; or, I should rather say, the Borough very impure and "foggy." But more of this anon. What a change from a warehouse to duty in the streets as a policeman. It may be interesting to state that after being "passed" by Sir John Fisher, the chief surgeon, as "fit," I was sent to the Preparatory Section House in Charles Street for a fortnight's drill, &c., prior to taking the oath of allegiance. I simply mention this to those of my readers, and I hope they will be many, outside the "Force;" and I feel inclined to mention it to those of my readers in the "Force," who would like or care to know how things were done in the days gone by. It was, of course, necessary to get "rigged up" in uniform. "O scissors!" When I looked at myself in the glass with the uniform on for the first time, I wondered what could have led me to take the fatal step of becoming a "peeler." The men now wear a smart tunic, helmet, belt, boots, &c., all smart, every bit

of the uniform; but in my case I had to put on a swallow-tail coat, and a rabbit-skin high-top-hat, covered with leather, weighing eighteen ounces; a pair of Wellington boots, the leather of which must have been at least a sixteenth of an inch thick, and a belt about four inches broad, with a great brass buckle some six inches deep. Imagine to yourselves, my friends, the appearance of a "bobby" in those days. If you can conceive a kind of dress about a cross between that worn by the ex-Emperor Zoolooki of the Squeejee Islands, and the policeman in the pantomime, you will form a very good estimate of how we appeared. I only know that when Mr. John Briggs, the highly respected storekeeper of Scotland Yard, said to me, "Now, 84" (my number), "you're all right," and I walked into Whitehall to go to the Section House, I thought every one I passed had a humorous eye on me. I never felt so uncomfortable in all my life. The thought came into my head, "Should anything happen and I am called on to interfere!" I

was in uniform (save the mark !), but not sworn in. My eighteen-ounce hat was slipping all over my head; my boots, which were two sizes too large, were rubbing the skin off my heels; and the stock, which I omitted to mention, was a thick leathern one, and four inches deep, was nearly choking me. For the moment I would have given all I possessed (it wasn't much besides the uniform) to have got back into my old ordinary clothes, and have stayed a few more months out of employment. But it wasn't to be. I arrived at last at the Section House, and expected a "guffaw" from all the other recruits, but I was agreeably mistaken; for although I felt as miserable as I possibly could, it was very evident all were "in the same boat," and, after taking our "ornaments" off and putting them on again a dozen times or so, we felt ourselves gradually becoming real genuine "bobbies."

The sergeant in charge of the Preparatory Section House in Charles Street was a great character in his way. His name was Andrews,

known to the service as "Nobby" Andrews, because of the swellish appearance he presented when in plain clothes.

"Nobby was a Scotchman," and, unless when troubled with the gout, from which at times he was a great sufferer, fancied himself very much. When not engaged on special duty at night at the theatres—and, by the way, I had better here explain that in these days the men of the "A" or Whitehall division *only* were permitted to perform these duties, for which they were allowed to receive the money paid by the proprietors as a "gratuity." This sum was in exact accord with what they received as police officers (according to rank), and consequently made their ordinary pay just double, which of course placed them in a very much better position than those belonging to all other divisions. To go on with "Nobby." "Nobby," when off duty, used to strut about in Highland costume—kilt, &c.—these little matters being allowed at the time at head-quarters, although strictly prohibited in other divisions. In fact, the men

of the "A" division in these days did almost exactly as they pleased.

Unfortunately for me, two or three days before my time was up to leave the Section House, "Nobby" was seized with his old complaint, and pitching upon me, compelled me for three long days and nights to keep his "trotters" in two buckets of hot bran, he making use of the most terrible language he could lay his tongue to all the while. I was under the impression that when I got used to the uniform, before mentioned, I was out of all my preliminary troubles, but "Nobby" Andrews' three days and nights with the tin pails perfectly appalled me. I felt very much for the poor fellow, but who, at the age of nineteen years, under the circumstances, could feel that he had done a good thing in entering the Metropolitan Police for a living? I only know that, although in the preparatory class, I had already had about enough of it. The recruits at this time had no drill ground at Wellington Barracks as at present, but a small bit of disused ground at

the end of Charles Street, abutting on the Horse Guards' Parade. Our drill sergeant was named Eccles, about the smartest specimen I have ever seen in the Metropolitan Police, whether in uniform or in plain dress. On the drill ground I knew Sergeant Eccles for the first time, although I may be here permitted to say that for thirty long years afterwards we were the closest of friends—until he died. (He will be known to many of my readers.)

Like "Nobby" Andrews at the Section House, Eccles on the drill ground seemed to take a fancy to me by directing me to take up my position at the right of the front line of recruits. I felt a little flattered at this mark of recognition on the part of the drill sergeant. But on his first word of command "Eyes right!" mine went somehow to the left. I can't even to this day say why they went that way, except that I felt extremely nervous at being placed where some one more able should have been posted. However, I hadn't much time for reflection, for before one could say, "Jack Robinson," Eccles was down on me "like a hatter."

"Did you hear the word of command?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"Oh, you did, did you; and what are you doing? Don't you see that every man is looking at you, and you are looking at them like a fool?"

What with the uniform, "Nobby" Andrews, and Eccles, if I could only at that moment have sunk into the earth and given up all thought of the Police, I should have been the happiest man alive; but, as I said before, it wasn't to be.

Before I left that drill ground, I knew that part of the business, anyway.

IN THE "M" DIVISION.

With two other newly fledged P.C.'s and my belongings tied up in a handkerchief, I presented myself at Stone's End Police Station, Revel's Row, Borough, on the 25th June, 1855. I was introduced to the inspector on duty, who directed me to go into the reserve room and wait until the superintendent came. In the mean time I took stock of the station as far as I was able. The station, as I have just stated, was situated in Revel's Row, the "Row" consisting of a few houses (about a dozen), mostly *brothels*, and immediately under the walls of Queen's Bench Prison. What a reflection! Brothels—and known to be such—adjoining a police station. However, it was so for many a year, and, as far as I know, they met with no interference; at any rate, not in my time there. The inspector's

or charge room was a small stone-floored apartment, about, I should say, eleven feet by eleven, with desk, easy chair, and cane ditto, about as cheerless a place for a superior officer of Police to occupy as one could possibly imagine. Knowing what I do now, and comparing the, to me, comparatively luxurious inspector's office of the present day with those that then existed, I can only wonder that men, looked upon as superior officers in the Metropolitan Police, should have been so degraded as to be compelled to inhabit such dens, and transact the important business of the State therein.

My next look was into what was called the reserve room. This was where the gaoler and the men on reserve had to herd together during the day and night, because a police station is always open. More about this presently, because the superintendent is coming.

"Is Cavanagh here?" "Yes, sir." "Step this way."

I was in the presence of the superintendent. I liked his appearance. A man about

fifty, stern, but not unkind. His name was Haynes. I afterwards ascertained he had been an inspector in Scotland Yard and obtained his promotion by capturing the Mannings, who were executed at Horsemonger Lane Gaol. He was originally a chemist.

"What have you been?" "A clerk, sir." "Stay at Stone's End." That's all that transpired with the superintendent.

THE RESERVE ROOM.

THE reserve room, which was about the same size as the charge room, but far more desolate, having nothing in it but an old deal table and benches all round to match, was situated at the end of the passage leading to the street, or rather "Row," before mentioned, and was almost adjacent to the charge room, a passage leading to the cells separating them. I was informed by the inspector that for the present I would have to perform "reserve duty," and that I had to come on at nine o'clock p.m. In the meantime I was shown over the kitchen, a very spacious one, immediately under the Police Court, where my "locker" was apportioned to me; the box-room, where I deposited my handkerchief and belongings; and the bed-room or dormitory, where with five other P.C.'s a portion of my early career was to be passed. The bed-

room looked into the station yard, where "Black Maria" (the prison-van) and the superintendent's horse were kept; the groom (a P.C.) and his family occupying rooms just over. As I had to go on duty at nine, and it was now seven o'clock, I hadn't much time to lose; more particularly as dinner would be on the table at eight (a most fashionable hour for the Borough), to prepare and strengthen us for the night's work. I was glad when the last-mentioned hour came, for having been knocking about the Preparatory Section House all the morning, and having in the afternoon to go through the ordeal of "swearing in" by Sir Richard Mayne, the Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis, &c., I had had just about enough of it for one day, and was only too glad to get a good hearty meal. And it was a good hearty meal—one of the best I had had for many a day. Menu:—

Roast mutton, one pound.
Summer cabbage.
New potatoes.
Dumplings.

—Fit for a prince.

The only drawback was that a fellow had to provide his own bread! On this a man was certainly fitted for a good night's work, and if he didn't perform his duty well and properly, then all I can say is, he ought to be compelled to do so. At 8.45 we were paraded in the station yard by the inspector (there was no "eyes right" this time), who read out to us the "orders." (More about the "orders" presently, which will require some explanation.)

The men for beat duty having been marched out, I was left with two others P.C.'s on duty. On entering the reserve room a fine old specimen of a policeman presented himself. He weighed about twenty stone, was about five feet nine, and of the most massive build. His name was Tom Tate, and he had been in the service twenty years. Tom was the gaoler, I took to him at once. "Can you write?" he asked. "A little," I replied. "Sit down and copy this." I was glad to sit down, and gladder still when I got hold of the pen, for I felt at home at once, and soon forgot all my

troubles. The paper he handed me was termed a "route" paper. I must here explain that in '55 no printing was done in the Metropolitan Police. Neither was there any telegraphic communication existing between the different stations as at present. It was not until about 1858 that printing was practised in the service, and this was mainly due to the ability and energy of ex-Superintendent Kittle, of the Executive Department, Great Scotland Yard. Consequently, business was transacted in this wise, viz., the sergeant-clerk or assistant-clerk of each division attended every afternoon (Sundays excepted) at Scotland Yard for "orders." These consisted of information respecting burglaries, robberies of all kinds, &c., &c., &c., reported each morning by the various superintendents to the commissioners at head-quarters. The sergeant-clerk was supplied with an order book, and, as the inspector of the Executive Department read out all appertaining to above, the sergeants entered the particulars to take to their superintendents,

who were in readiness to receive them. These were, after being read out on parade, as before stated, handed over to the gaoler, and by him given to the men on reserve to copy. This having been done in our case at Stone's End, my two companions were sent with them to the nearest stations of other divisions to be re-copied, and forwarded on to the next division, and so on throughout the Metropolis. This is how things were done thirty-seven years ago. I was now alone with the old gaoler. The inspector had shut his door and gone to sleep in his easy, or I should rather say, his very *uneasy* chair. Tom recounted to me all the principal incidents of his life in the Police, particularly mentioning one circumstance when, single-handed, in Royal Tent Court, Kent Street, he made mincemeat of about half-a-dozen of the greatest roughs in the Borough, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a couple of constables, having in their custody about the most hangdog-looking villain I ever set eyes on. He stood about

six feet, had high cheek bones, sunken eyes, broad shoulders, and lean to a degree; but his leanness coincided with the appearance of a greyhound just trained to win the Waterloo Cup. "What's this?" said Tom. One of the P.C.'s replied that he found him in an area in the Blackfriars Road, and as he showed fight, he got the assistance of a chum and brought him in; they were now going back to see what he had done. Tom woke up the inspector, who gave orders that he was to be kept in the reserve room till the men came back. I wished the fellow to the deuce, no matter what he had done; I had got on good terms with Tate, who was coaching me up, when this fellow comes in and spoils the business. The inspector on duty was a Scotchman named McIntosh, and had recently been promoted from Whitechapel, where, of course, he had gone through some very rough work. He looked like it. Although only about forty, he was well worn, but tough as a badger, and with a most determined "cut" about him. I

felt that if I had to remain a considerable time at Stone's End, my great endeavour would be to get on good terms with Mr. McIntosh, who directed us to take charge of the man, while the P.C.'s searched the premises where he was found. A kind of gloom seemed to settle over me with that man in the reserve room. It was my first night on duty, and, until he came, I felt very happy and jolly; but there was something about him that depressed me, and made me feel nervous and uncomfortable; not so with the old gaoler, who commenced a bit of banter:

"Well, long 'un, you didn't expect to be here to-night, did yer?"

No response.

"You thought you were goin' to have it all your own way on the quiet, didn't yer?"

Not the slightest recognition to the query, but a suppressed mutter.

"If you'd had a pal or two with yer, you wouldn't 'a been here now, would yer?"

This last remark seemed to rouse the ruffian,

for settling his elbows on the table (he was between Tate and myself), and holding his head between his hands, he hissed out: "I should like to give *you* a doin', you pot-bellied old scoundrel!"

Tate, not in the least disconcerted, replied: "It would take about a dozen of such lath-and-plaster customers as you to do it."

I saw mischief brewing, and, as I said before, felt awfully nervous.

The fellow looked fiercely at Tate, and said: "If you'd only that coat off yer back, and I had yer outside, I'd kill yer."

To my astonishment, Tate replied: "If I take it off, will you try it here?"

The fellow replied: "Only give me the chance."

Without a moment's hesitation Tate undid his belt, and was in the act of unbuttoning his uniform-coat, when the villain suddenly jumped up, and from behind struck Tom a terrible blow on the side of the head, which sent him reeling against the wall. I had no time to interfere,

and, in fact, was too frightened, but I rushed to the charge-room and brought the inspector. By this time Tate had evidently recovered himself, for on Mr. McIntosh asking, "What's the matter, Tom?" the latter replied, "Leave him to me, sir." Mr. McIntosh did leave him to the old chap, who in a few minutes had the fellow on the floor, crying for mercy. Tate explained all the circumstances, which I verified, and the inspector was satisfied.

At this moment the P.C.'s returned bringing with them the customary tools used on "special" occasions. The fellow turned out to be a notorious burglar, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Before saying "Good-bye" to the "reserve room," I wish to place on record that the inspector on duty and the gaoler did twenty-four hours' duty right off the reel. A barbarous custom at the time. I had to go through the ordeal as gaoler a little later on, and may have something to say on the subject presently.

ON MY FIRST BEAT.

HAVING gone through the preliminary business in the station, I was considered "fit" for duty in the streets. I felt a bit curious and anxious as to how I should get through the night. The beat allotted to me was No. 8 in the second section, and from "information received" was looked upon as the best of the whole division. There was a good deal of money to be made on this ground—as many as forty calls belonging to the happy possessor of the beat. A "call" meant that a man (and here they mostly belonged to the Borough Market) wanted calling at four or five, or even earlier, in the morning, for which service he paid on Saturday night with great regularity the sum of sixpence. Should he, however, fail to pay up, matters were soon put right by failing to call him on

Monday morning, when, in consequence of losing half a day's work, he was certain to be in the way with the stipulated "tanner" the next night. In this way a good sum was added to the regular pay, and placed a man in a fairly good position. My beat was on one side of Union Street, and included some of the worst slums in the Borough. My companion on the opposite beat, viz., the other side of Union Street, was a veteran of sixteen years' service. His name was Clark, and his number 108. He was a Welshman, and because of an impediment in his speech, was christened by his comrades, "Clicketty-clack." As we met for the first time, "Clicketty" stopped and asked me: "Any cocks flying about to-night, 84?" I was taken aback, not knowing what he meant. He went on, "First night out?" "Yes," I replied. "Ah," said he, "that's awkward; do you know you are on the best beat in the division for calls and a 'toothful,' and if you spoil it, it will want no end of picking up?" I explained to Mr. Clark that I had no desire to spoil the beat,

and that, as I didn't drink (I wasn't altogether a teetotaller) I should be only too delighted if he would partake of the refreshments intended for me. "Clicketty" seized my hand at once, said I was made of the right sort of stuff, and promised to put me up to every move. I afterwards ascertained that besides the dozen or so allowances on my beat, "Clicketty" had also about eight on his, so that by the time the night was pretty well through, it was no wonder that "Taffy" presented the appearance of a walking beer-barrel. Having put myself on good terms with "Clicketty," I pursued my way round my beat, and soon made myself acquainted with every nook and corner of it.

There was one street I didn't like the look of at all, neither were the odours emanating from it at all agreeable. However, police duty is police duty, and likes and dislikes had to be borne equally. The name of the thoroughfare alluded to was Ewer Street, and close to Union Street, being completely closed in at one end. It was inhabited at the time by the lowest type

of thieves and prostitutes, with a few Borough Market porters, &c., thrown in. I had gone over this ground two or three times, and begun to get accustomed to a few of the inhabitants—particularly to an old Irishman, who kept a kind of chandler's shop. The old chap was very chatty, and, except that he was too voluble, was very good company. He informed me he had been in the neighbourhood some forty years, and supposed he would have to end his days in it, although to use his own words—"If he could only get back to the Ould Counthry, and get his bones settled under the turf at peace, he would be the happiest man alive."

Round the beat again, and just in time to see "Taffy" indulging at the "Pig and Whistle" *on my ground*, just before closing time. The "Pig and Whistle"! What a motley crew emerged therefrom as the gas was turned down and the shutters went up. Poor squalid creatures, men and women saturated up to the neck with what was termed "gin."

Not one that came out of this hostelry had a decent appearance. All were more or less inebriated, the language made use of was something to remember (I have never forgotten it), and as they rolled home (home!), the ribaldry, horseplay, &c., was something appalling. They nearly all made for Ewer Street. I don't know what appearance the street presents at the present time, but I can never forget what it was then. Within half-an-hour (that was the time it took me to work my beat) I was in the street once more. As I entered it I could tell at once there was a tremendous row on at the farther end. I was about to quicken my steps, when I found some one tugging at my coat-tails. On turning round, I saw it was my old friend the Irishman, who implored me for the love of St. Anthony to stay where I was or I would be murdered, as one of the "Force" had been before. Although I had a strong sense of duty, I had also a slight regard for my life, and yielding to the old man's persuasions, I allowed him to gently draw me

into the passage of his house, from whence I could see all that passed without being noticed. What tumult! Men and women skull-dragging each other all over the place; pokers, flat-irons, bellows, &c., &c., in free use everywhere. Women pulling the hair out by the roots from others, which, in these days, would bring goodly sums to those dealing in the commodity. Shrieks of Murder, Police, Fire, Robbery (there wasn't much of the latter to do, except in the tresses aforesaid), &c., filled the air, and I certainly felt I was neglecting my duty by remaining in the passage of the chandler's shop, but, as the old chap said, "It will be all over in a minute," and as I could do nothing, I stayed where I was. He was right; the row collapsed as suddenly as it commenced, and had it not been for an odd skirt or two lying about, no one would have known that Ewer Street on that night had not worn its customary calm. I felt a debt of gratitude to the old chandler-shopkeeper, who, I sincerely hope, managed in a peaceful way to

get under the turf in his native country. I now began to feel I was somebody. Yes, I was a *policeman* and had *seen service!*

But the night was not over yet. I trudged round and round the beat with the greatest regularity until about three a.m., when feeling thoroughly tired, I sat down on a low window-ledge for a rest, and to ruminate on my first night out. No one, not having gone through the ordeal, can possibly imagine the dreary work it is tramping about for eight long hours in such a filthy neighbourhood. There was nothing much worth recording after one o'clock, for by that time the streets belong to the police. A solitary wayfarer going home, or to work of some kind was all one met with; and nothing disturbed the stillness of the night except the steady tramp of the policeman, or the customary "all right" from the sergeant. I had given my "all right" to the sergeant, and was taking another few minutes' rest, when I heard the heavy step of "Clicketty" on the opposite side. It hadn't that elasticity it

possessed when, in the early part of the night, he inquired if any cocks were flying about. (Cocks, I should explain, were wayfarers of a generous turn towards the men in blue.) No; Clicketty had evidently done every justice to the good nature of certain licensed gentlemen on his own ground and also on mine. There was an uncertain thud upon the pavement each time he put his "trotters" down, so much so, that when he suddenly stopped about a hundred yards away immediately under a gas-light, I felt something was up. My curiosity was increased when I saw "Taffy" lifting something very bulky from a doorway and depositing it gently on my beat. I thought it better to emerge from my resting-place, and as the old fellow approached I met him half way. He immediately said: "I think there is something on your ground which requires a little attention." I asked him what it was, but he said he didn't know. At my request he went back with me, and, huddled up in a doorway, was a poor wretched "unfortunate"

in a helpless state from drink and, apparently starvation. I had never met with such a human mass of wretchedness and filth, and asked Clark what was to be done. He replied: "You'll have to take her to the station." Now the station was three-quarters of a mile distant, and although the stretcher (there was no ambulance then) was really necessary to convey her there, I asked him to assist me to carry her, for carrying it really meant, the poor creature being perfectly helpless. He evidently didn't want the trouble, neither did I, but it had to be done, and after about half-an-hour's tugging and dragging we got her to Stone's End, "Clicketty's" rolling propensities all over the pavement not making the job by any means a light one.

"Who's this?" said the inspector, pushing up the wicket. As I made no response, Clark immediately said, "Drunk and incapable, 84" (my number). Now, as I saw all that "Clicketty" did, I wasn't going to be done by him, particularly as I had made him a present of *all* the

allowances on my beat. "Particulars, 84," said Mr. McIntosh. I remained silent waiting for Clark to go on. I hadn't long to wait, for, with an oath, he said: "Now, why don't you say drunk and incapable, Union Street, 3.30 a.m.?" My blood was up at the old fellow's perfidy, and as calmly as I could, I informed him that unless he made the charge, I would tell the inspector that I had seen him drag her over from his side to mine. Without an instant's hesitation he called out, "Drunk and incapable, Clark, 108." "What's the meaning of this?" said the inspector; "just now you said it was 84's charge." "I made a mistake, sir, it's mine." The matter passed. Directly we got outside the station I thought Clark was going to strike me. He hissed out: "Oh, you so-and-so, I shall know you again; you'll do," &c., &c., &c.

However, as Mr. Clark's throat was of an exceedingly dry nature, and required a great deal of moistening, and I continued to allow him to take all intended for me, we soon

became friends again, and remained so during the continuance of my stay in the Borough. My stay in the Borough!

I couldn't get that woman out of my mind. She seemed to haunt me. As previously stated, I was only nineteen years of age, and being of a very sensitive nature, I felt, so early in my career in the Police, that about the very best thing I could do was to "throw it up." But, as before stated, it wasn't to be. As I continued my duty that night, I wondered how it was possible for any poor creature to get to such a deplorable state of degradation. Since then I have had more opportunities of studying that subject, and have been permitted, by the kindness of Mr. Superintendent Thomson, of the "E" or Bow Street division, to recite on a special Police occasion the following:—

SONG OF THE STREET.

With lips all livid and cold,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat crouched on the flags,
Singing the "Song of the Street."—

"Starve, starve, starve!
O God, 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow the sleet and the snow!
Will it ever again be light?

"I have rung at the refuge bell;
I have beat at the workhouse door,
To be told again that I clamour in vain,
They are full—they can hold no more.
Starve, starve, starve!
Of the crowd that pass me by,
Some with pity, and some with pride,
But more with indifference turn aside,
And leave me here to die.

"Oh, you that sleep in beds,
With coverlet, quilt, and sheet,
Oh, think when it snows what it is to those
That lie in the open street!—
That lie in the open street,
On the cold and frozen stones;
When the winter's blast, as it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones.

"Oh, what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought to drive away thought
With the curse of the tempter 'Gin.'

Drink, drink, drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas, and glare;
If there's hell on earth, 'tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens at midnight there.

"Oh, you that have never strayed,
Because you have never been tried,
Oh, look not down with a Pharisee's frown
On those that have swerved aside.
And you who hold the scales,
And you that glibly urge
That the only plan is the prison-van,
The treadmill, and the scourge,—

"Oh, what are the lost to do,
To famish and not to feel;
For days to go and never know
What it is to have one meal?
They cannot buy, they cannot beg,
They must either starve or steal.
Food, food, food!
If it be but a loaf of bread;
And a place to lie, and a place to die,
If it be but a workhouse bed.
If you will not give to those who live,
You, at least, must bury the dead.

"With lips all livid and blue,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat crouched on the flags,
And sang the "Song of the Street."
And as she ceased her doleful strain,
My homeward path I trod;
And the cry and the prayer
Of that lost (?) one there
Went up to the throne of God."

What more can I say about my first night out, only that when the sergeant came round and "collected" us, I was only too glad to get to the station yard, and to hear from the inspector the welcome word, "dismissed"? Then into the kitchen, where one of the reserve men had a rattling fire and plenty of boiling water. After laying in plenty of coffee and bread and butter, I adjourned to my dormitory, which was situated immediately over the cells. The poor creature just mentioned, with many of her class, were located there, waiting to go before the magistrate, before ten o'clock; and when I got between the sheets and made up my mind

for a good night's, or rather a good early morning's, rest, I bargained without my host. The incessant banging and shouting below stopped all sleep, and when at one in the day Sergeant Fidge, afterwards superintendent of the "G" division, and one of my oldest friends, woke us all up (we were not permitted to stay in bed after that time), I felt just as refreshed as if I had remained on the window-sill in Union Street.

To those of my readers who may be under the impression that Metropolitan Police duty is simply passing the time away in a very agreeable form, all I have to say in response is, "Try it."

IN THE KITCHEN.

THE kitchen at Stone's End, as before mentioned, was immediately under the Police Court, our magistrate at the time being Gilbert A'Beckett, Esq., the author of the "Comic History of England" and the "Comic History of Rome." So, you see, that at this early date I had something to do with the *Comic* element; but there was very little of the comic character about him when dealing out justice from the "Bench." His colleague was Boyce Combe, Esq. Many a time when a bit of skylarking was going on in the kitchen, and the uproar was so great that nothing could be heard in the Court, would the usher run down and inform us that Mr. A'Beckett, once for all, would lay a report before the superintendent on the subject, but he never did. There were forty of

us in the station, and a very mixed lot we were, all single men. To particularize each one at this late time would, of course, be out of the question, putting altogether on one side the matter of memory. However, there were one or two that require a "line." We had two sergeants to look after us, Morgan and Turpin. The former (poor fellow) has long since gone to his rest, by that most fatal of all police diseases, consumption. The latter, "Dick" Turpin as he was always called, is still, I am happy to say, not only in the land of the living, but holding the very important position of Chief of the Police attached to the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, and this after a service of over forty years. Long may "Dick" Turpin "rule the road" of the L. B. & S. C. Railway! The last time I met Mr. Turpin was at St. John's Church, Smith Square, Westminster, on the occasion of the funeral service of the late Chief Constable Williamson, of the Criminal Investigation Department (of whom more anon), looking in the best of health, and apparently

likely to do ten years' more service. Among so many it was impossible to get on without an occasional bit of fun, but this sometimes led to rather serious results, as the following instance will show. We had a great hulking fellow from the country, named Philip; he was all legs and wings, and very quarrelsome. We had also a skylarking customer, yclept "Skinny," the real type of a mischievous London Cockney. These two could not only not agree, but were always in hot water with each other, "Skinny" making the yokel his direct mark. The men for afternoon duty, including Philip, were getting ready for parade, when a few words as usual took place. "Skinny" said something very irritating to Philip, who, of course, would like to "take it out" of the "Cockney," *if he had time.*

Things went from bad to worse, till at last, losing his self-control, "Skinny" picked up an egg from the table, and, with splendid aim, caught the "Joskin" bang in his left eye, the contents of the egg running down his face and

over his uniform. With a wild howl he was after "Skinny," all round and over the mess table, in and out of the passages, and up the staircase from the kitchen on to the parade ground, where the men were assembled, waiting for him, to go out to their beats. The appearance of Philip himself put all discipline and all decorum to the right about; every one, including the inspector and sergeant, being convulsed with laughter at the poor fellow's appearance. After pulling himself together, the inspector in his severest manner asked Philip the cause of his picturesque appearance. Whatever account the poor fellow gave of the affair I am not in the position to say; I only know that both men were ordered to see the superintendent in the morning, and in the meantime Philip had ample time to get rid of the contents of the egg that had been so artistically distributed. I sincerely hope it wasn't a "shop 'un."

I always had an idea that "Skinny" would "lark" once to often, and I wasn't far out in my reckoning. He kept the ball rolling pretty

freely with one and another until the time came to "pull him up." A special court martial was held upon him in the kitchen; this being the customary way of deciding matters among ourselves. A president was elected, the council sitting around the mess table, the culprit being at the end strongly guarded. After fully investigating the charges against the delinquent, which were very numerous and serious, the Court, notwithstanding the protestations of innocence and promises of amendment in the future on the part of "Skinny," found him guilty on all the counts, and sentenced him to be strapped to a bench, to be taken into the yard, to be placed under the pump, and the water to be allowed to flow freely over him until the order was given to stop. This decision was resented by the "Joker," but to no purpose, for having been divested of coat, vest, &c., he was securely strapped down. The table-cloth was placed over him, a procession formed, and the only musician we had in the station at that time brought into requi-

sition. The instrument the latter played was of the tin kind, but he managed the "Dead March in Saul" to our entire satisfaction. With slow and solemn tread we followed the bench and "Skinny."

On gaining the yard, the two men who carried the load were puffing and blowing, and for a momentary rest placed the stool lengthwise on the iron support protecting the area, while the others got the pump in working order. Sooner than I am able to describe it, the words "ready" and "go" were uttered, and *go* "Skinny" and the bench did into the area, falling about twelve feet; for at that moment the superintendent was seen entering the yard, which so frightened the men with the bench that, to escape being known, they let go, leaving "Skinny" to bear the brunt of the battle. However, those who ran down first pulled "Skinny" and his bench into the kitchen, and from that day to this I don't believe it was ever known who were mixed up in the transaction. "Skinny" came up smiling

at having escaped the pump, and none the worse for his acrobatic feat.

We had among us an Irishman called "Mickey." Now, I never met with a man who could equal him in the matter of "fancying himself." In his own estimation he had only to be "on the premises," and all others were out of it. His vanity was so extreme that in presence of the whole of the men he would sit in front of a glass "doctoring" himself for hours. Why he should have fancied himself in the way he did I can't possibly imagine; he certainly had a fine head of jet-black hair and whiskers, but was much pock-marked. He was a very good player on the accordion. On the occasion under notice he had got his toilette preparations to a state of absolute perfection, and, as was his custom, adjourned to the front area with his instrument to attract passers-by, particularly those of the female gender. I must explain that the window of the area was "dulled," so that those passing along the street should not be able to see into the cleaning

room or lavatory. On the day in question (it was a very warm one) the top portion of the window was pulled down for ventilation, so the musician could not only be heard by those going along the street, but also to the annoyance of those in the kitchen. "Skinny" saw a chance, and, as the Hibernian had taken a leading part in the pump affair, suggested that as "Mickey" was a nuisance, and "fancied his little self a lot," the best thing to do was to give him a "bucketting." No sooner said than done. A bucket of white-wash was mixed, the door leading to the area securely fastened, a table placed under the open window, from which the contents of the pail could be poured, and all was in readiness. "Mickey" by this time had a rather large crowd listening to the strains of "There's nae luck about the house," when suddenly, and with splendid precision, the full contents of the pail enveloped him. We all knew what the result would be if he only could get at us, but "Skinny," knowing a "trifle," quietly locked the cleaning-room door on the

outside, leaving "Mickey" to clamber over the lower portion of the window, and spend the remainder of the day in disengaging from his attractive person and accordion the white-wash which had given him the appearance of the *real, original* "Bogie man." This was "Mickey's" last appearance in the area of Stone's End.

What's the good of continuing in this particular strain? One might go on for ever. How can so many men, flung together promiscuously, go day after day and month after month without finding out the strong or weak points existing in each other, and having a consequent fling? And life in a police station would be very dull indeed if it were not for an occasional bit of by-play. And what harm is done to the service? We all know that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Depend upon it, that when a bit of larking (of course within proper bounds) is put a stop to among the single men in a Section House, the prestige of the service is sure to suffer. You can't stop it. It is a very safe vent-peg.

THE CELLS.

It was Christmas-eve, and, young as I was, I was appointed gaoler. As before mentioned, the inspector on duty and the gaoler did twenty-four hours on and twenty-four hours off, a very barbarous custom. We went on duty at ten one morning and left off at ten the next, thoroughly licked. Although we had the next twenty-four hours to ourselves, it didn't, and couldn't possibly, make up for the wear and tear of the previous long day; however, we had to go through it, and that's sufficient.

Very much of what is termed "alcohol" was consumed at Christmas-time in the Borough, and, as a consequence, all sorts and conditions of the male and female gender were "brought in" during the night, "drunk

and incapable" and "drunk and disorderly" being the charges all round. We had very few cells—about, I think, five in all—and an immense number of prisoners. When I mention that in one cell, about twelve feet by six, I had to put a dozen women, and in another of the same size an equal number of men, you can form an opinion, my friends, of how the Government of the day provided for the criminals (?). It was, to me, really heart-breaking. A well-known thief or a burglar put into the same cell as a gentleman who had taken a drop too much, or a respectable woman, overcome at Christmas time, flung in with a flaunting prostitute of the very lowest type: there was no help for it, it was the custom of the day, and had to be done. The ventilation of these cells consisted of a small grating near the ceiling and an opening in the door six inches by ten, through which a small can of water could be passed. There was only one place of convenience in each cell, and this had to be made use of by all its occupants in the

presence of each other. Nothing more disgusting, nothing more revolting could possibly be imagined. It was simply sickening. Just try to picture to yourselves one of these cells: there was only one bench in each, and upon this on such an occasion only room for about half a dozen to sit, the remainder had to stand or lie on the asphalt floor, and to continue in this state until they were taken before the magistrate on Boxing Day. Surely for their little transgressions they paid the full penalty imposed by the law. Two nights and a day passed in such dens, and then, probably, a fine of five shillings, should have been sufficient to make them real, genuine teetotallers for the remainder of their lives. The prisoners had nothing but coffee and bread-and-butter the whole time, obtained from a so-called coffee shop near by; and when I had to unlock the door to give the unfortunates their refreshments, the stench and the heat from the den almost overpowered me. What it was to those inside I had rather not guess. Should

any of my old Borough customers be in the land of the living at the present time, my strong advice to them would be to go in for something on a small scale in the old line, so that they might be permitted, by law, to indulge in the luxuries provided in the cells of the present day. A friend of mine at Bow Street tells me that the greatest difficulty he has to contend with is, when once an "old stager" gets a pretty good footing in one of his "sanctums," the job is to get him out again; he endeavours to stick to his cell as a fly does to a "catch 'em-alive-o."

MY LAST DAYS IN THE BOROUGH.

The time was approaching, much to my regret, for me to leave the Borough. I had got thoroughly used to the duties, the inhabitants, and all surroundings, and for the moment felt I would like to end my days in the service there; but it wasn't to be. Mr. Haynes, the superintendent, had been succeeded by Mr. Branford, a half-caste, commonly called in the division (but not when he was present) "the nigger." Mr. Branford was not an educated man; but what to my idea was of much greater importance, he possessed a thorough knowledge of Police matters in general. I should say he was about the only half-caste superintendent the service ever had. I had been his assistant divisional clerk for about two months, and had been recommended

by him to the commissioner for promotion to sergeant-clerk, the one holding that appointment at the time about leaving on a pension. To my dismay one morning Mr. Branford said to me:

"Cavanagh, I am very sorry to tell you that I am about to lose you. Superintendent Walker wants you to go to Scotland Yard."

I immediately replied: "I won't go. I will stay with you."

He said he was very glad to hear it, and would see Mr. Walker, and let me know the result.

He afterwards informed me he had seen Mr. W., and that he would not yield; and the best thing I could do was to go, and it would be to my advantage. I took his advice, and was transferred to the "A" division.

IN THE "A" DIVISION.

WHAT a contrast from the Borough to Whitehall. Of course, I knew Whitehall well—too well; for haven't I already given an account of my days in the Preparatory Section House, and my outrigging by Mr John Briggs? But to be one of the then celebrated "A's" was a little too much, and almost took my breath away. In those days the "A" division was the "A," and crack division of the service, no man under five feet ten being admitted to it unless for duty in the commissioner's office.

This happened to be my location—in the Executive Department. At this time I found myself the shortest and smallest man in the division. I was five feet eight and a quarter (of course, measurement was taken from the

bare feet), and weighed exactly nine stone three pounds (the standard height at this time was five feet seven inches).

When I obtained from Mr. Briggs my new uniform and the number 94 A, and was located in the station at King Street, I give you my word, my friends, that I was looked at by all the big men (there were no small ones) with astonishment. Now, under the circumstance, could any youngster feel otherwise than most uncomfortable? Everywhere I looked, everywhere I went, there were those, in comparison with myself, *giants*, eyeing me all over as much as to say: "What have we got here in the 'A's'?" However, they had got me, and I had to work out my future the best way I was able. My duties in the Executive Department were confined to the Criminal Returns Office, under Inspector Richardson. Poor fellow! he's gone, and few remember him now. He was one of the ablest men we ever had in the Executive Department. I shall have more to say about his successors in the same branch

later on. I hadn't been in the office three months when Mr. Walker informed me that Mr. Charles Yardley, the chief clerk, wanted me for the Correspondence Department.

Accordingly I was transferred from one to the other, and, after a few months more, was promoted to sergeant in the accountant's office, Mr. Briggs once more very kindly placing on my collar my latest and last number, "15 A" (January 6th, 1857).

I was now a sergeant, and in charge of the very important station at King Street, Whitehall, and also in charge of several of the *giants* of the division, who had had a good look at me and wondered how I got into the division. However, this class feeling soon passed away, and when we felt all round that we thoroughly understood each other, all went merrier than the proverbial "marriage bell."

There was just the same feeling among the men at King Street for a lark as there was among those at Stone's End, but Mr. Walker's office being on the first floor and the inspector's on the ground floor, we had little opportunity

for frivolity here, even had we felt inclined. Of course the sergeant in charge of a station couldn't always be on the spot, and sometimes required a little recreation. This happened in my case one Sunday. With two others I had gone for a trip to Sheerness, on board a river steam-boat, leaving instructions to the man in charge of the mess to keep our portion of the joint (a leg of mutton—a good sort of police joint) for us on our return. We did return, and were met in the most smiling manner by Davis, the mess man.

Without the slightest hesitation he brought me a cleanly picked bone. I asked him the meaning of this, and where our dinner was. He simply replied, looking as demure as an old owl: "Sergeant, I am very sorry, but the carving-knife cut like a razor."

I was only a short time at King Street, Mr. Walker having made arrangements that all the single men in the commissioner's office should be located at No. 1, Palace Place, Great Scotland Yard, and under my charge.

No. 1, PALACE PLACE.

I FELT the responsibility imposed upon me by my superintendent, and made up my mind to control the *boys* to the best of my ability; but who could control such a crew as I had under my charge, and myself the youngest of the lot? I had Williamson, who afterwards became a chief constable; Bundey, who afterwards became chief of the common lodging-houses branch; Wallis, Rowley, and Howe, who became inspectors in the same department; "Dick Tanner," the capturer of Müller, the murderer of Mr. Briggs on the North London Railway, afterwards an inspector of the Detective Department; Ted Langley, son of the celebrated detective; Tom Brown, afterwards the old and highly-respected caretaker of the Back Hall; Moseley, an ex-inspector from Manchester; and

lastly, among others, but not the least unless in size (always excepting myself), Richard Wallis Howes. I am happy to say that Mr. Howes has been in India during the last thirty years, and is holding a very important post under the Municipality. It was only the other day he called at the "Oxford," on leave of absence, looking as if able to do another twenty years, As Mr. Howes is still in the flesh, I, of course, tread on delicate ground in dealing with his name ; but it will be impossible for me in dealing fairly all round with the occupants of No. 1, Palace Place to leave him entirely out. Of course, if I should happen to make a slip which would be likely to offend "R. W. H.," an action for libel would be the certain consequence. I intend, however, to accept the responsibility.

There was one other celebrity located at Palace Place. He had been there for years before Mr. Walker decided upon making it the home of the single men clerks of the commissioner's office. He was an inspector, and his name was Matthew Banks. He came from Pudsey, in

Yorkshire. Mr. Banks always pronounced it "Poodsey." He had no control whatever over the Section House, that being my duty, as before stated; but he was allowed a sleeping apartment on the first-floor back. It would have been a good thing for "Matty," as we always called him (not the slightest respect being paid to his position by the "boys" of the "Yard"), if he had gone into private quarters, instead of stopping with us. In his day men were promoted without being required to pass an examination in reference to education. "Matty's" was a strong instance in point. He had been on duty at Buckingham Palace on the Queen's departure for Windsor, and sent in the following report:—

"Her Majesty left Buckingham Palace at ten o'clock this morning, *ex*corted by a troop of *dragons*. All safe."

All safe! I should think all was. How could it be otherwise, considering the number of protecting "dragons"? Thanks to the arrangements and precautions taken by Mr.

Banks, our most gracious Sovereign arrived safely at Windsor Castle.

Just a little more about "Matty," and then a word about one or two of the others. No. 1, Palace Place was a small, old-fashioned house, just at the back of Groves', the fishmonger's, and right in the corner of the "Yard." There were three floors of two rooms each, besides the kitchens; all very small, particularly the parlour, which, in consequence of the passage, was the smallest of the lot. In this "Matty" used to do his afternoon nap, and when we (the Police clerks) left off—it was usually about five—we could hear the huge Yorkshireman snoring like an ogre. In build he was very massive; I should say, from ear to ear across he must have measured at least twelve inches; so that making every allowance in his favour, if the tape were passed round his head, it would give on the smallest calculation a measurement of two feet and a half. He must have been quite sixty inches round the chest, and about twenty-two or twenty-three stone in weight. As previously

mentioned, our parlour was a very small one, about eleven by eleven, and when we had finished our day's work at the desk, preparatory to going to the theatres at night, we wanted a spell of rest and fresh air. We got neither, for "Matty" was there, with both windows closed, fast asleep, and breathing, as I said before, like some ancient ogre. On opening the parlour door the heat and effluvia were overpowering, so much so that we pulled down both windows and left the door wide open, leaving "Poodsey" to pull himself together the best way he could. We at last made up our minds that "Matthew" must select other quarters, we wanted No. 1 to ourselves. There were eighteen of us, and the giant was in our way. How were we to do it? I'll tell you. When we reached home from the theatres, &c., we generally congregated in the little parlour and kitchen, chatting about events generally or having a game of Loo. One night we took "Matty" into serious consideration, and his clearance from No. 1 was decided upon. It had to be done in this wise. After sitting

up till about two a.m., all marched upstairs in a body and brought pressure to bear upon "Poodsey's" door, which, as a consequence, generally gave way, the old chap being too fat, or too unable, *otherwise*, to follow his assailants. This couldn't last long, and "Matty" soon "threw up the sponge," and retired on a pension, but not before he lost from his bedroom a magnificent Yorkshire ham of some thirty-five pounds weight. As Mr. Walker and Mr. Briggs are still in the land of the living, they might be able to throw some light upon the result of the enquiries made respecting the transaction. After being pensioned "Matty" became a traveller for some Geological Society, and used to carry about paving stones and other light materials as samples. The poor old fellow didn't live long, the new associations of No. 1 helped to kill him.

LATE CHIEF CONSTABLE WILLIAMSON.

WILLIAMSON was a sergeant in the Detective Department, and had been so for some few years. He joined the "P" division in 1850. His father was the superintendent of the "T" or Hammersmith division. Hammersmith was his native place, as it also was mine, so that we knew each other long before either thought of joining the service. We always called Williamson "Dolly," because of his christian name Adolphus. Now, "Dolly" was possessed of a considerable amount of dry humour and chaff, and certainly was one of the leaders, if not the principal one, who led the midnight raids on Matty Banks.

Scarcely a "barney" was got up that he was not in; but he had a happy knack of

keeping out of trouble, when some of the others easily got "spotted."

He always possessed good, shrewd common sense, and while we were at the theatres or other places of entertainment, passed his time of an evening learning French. His tutor was a man connected with the French colony near Leicester Square. In the days of which I am speaking very few in the service spoke French, indeed, very few spoke English properly, so that to this happy thought of Williamson's, and to his constant perseverance, is to be attributed his great success in the service in after years. (More about him further on.)

THE "No. 1" CAT.

We had a celebrated cat at "No. 1" called "Tommas." He was of a most warlike tendency, and could, if left alone, settle any other cat in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross in a quarter of an hour. He was a kind of three-cornered customer, the difficulty being to discover where his head or tail commenced. I don't think he possessed the latter at all in his late days, a bulldog that he tackled biting it clean off. It was no unusual thing when we went out of a morning to find scraps of wool and pieces of *real* cats' meat all about the place. Where he came from we never knew, but we were fully aware later on where he went. The neighbours all round having missed their cats, and, getting a clue to the culprit, insisted on his extermination,

and much to our regret, we had to put a stone round the poor old fellow's neck and drop him into the river. This was a great shock to "Dolly," who was much attached to "Tommas," and, if I may let a secret out now, actually trained the "warrior" for his midnight work. On more than one occasion did the "three cornered one" bring in a nice piece of vension, or a hare, or a rabbit from a near neighbour. Why so many of the feline tribe congregated in our corner I am unable to say, unless it was in consequence of the dainty flavour emanating from the vension, fish, &c.

It would be well for any young fellow upon joining, and even those now in the service, to endeavour to keep Mr. Williamson's career prominently before their eyes.

"DICK TANNER,"

THE CAPTURER OF MÜLLER, THE MURDERER.

Poor fellow! For the service and his family he died too soon, at the early age of forty-one. When I came to the "Yard," Dick was the clerk in the Detective Department. It wasn't called the Criminal Investigation Department then, and, to my idea, the former term was much more suitable and applicable than the latter. Dick came from the C division, and had had some three or four years' sound experience in Piccadilly and its surroundings, and of course knew something. It wasn't long before he was promoted to sergeant in his department, and soon became not only a strong favourite, but one of its best officers. His capture of Müller on the high seas, outside New York, will always keep his name to the front in the annals of the ser-

vice. Müller, it will be remembered, murdered Mr. Briggs, a gentleman who was travelling on the North London Railway, and was traced by Tanner to a sailing-ship bound for New York. The latter took passage on a steamer, arriving earlier than the murderer, and, on boarding the sailing-vessel, took charge of the prisoner, finding in his chest the watch, chain, &c., of the murdered man. He brought him back to London, where he was shortly afterwards executed. This wasn't his only affair with murderers. He was connected with the case of a retired policeman who murdered a Mrs. Emsley at the East End. Had poor Tanner lived he would, in my opinion, have proved (next to Jonathan Whicher, the discoverer of the Frome murder) the best man the Detective Department ever possessed. He broke down early, and took the "White Swan" at Winchester, where he died, respected by every one that came into contact with him. He was a great favourite with Sir Richard Mayne. Further on I shall have something to say about him

and myself concerning "Jimmy" Stride, for the special edification of Mr. W. H. Combes, of the *Entr'acte*, always a great admirer of "Jimmy."

[Special Note.—I find it very difficult to disengage my Police notes from those in connection with the operas, theatres, casinos, &c., of the time of which I am writing; but I think it will be better if I clear the Police portion off first.]

Tom Brown

Was a splendid specimen of a Scotchman, about six feet, snow-white hair—what there was left of it—ruddy complexion, about eighteen stone in weight, and with a heart larger in every respect than the huge frame was fitted for.

Let any one hard up go to Tom and tell him his story, and to my certain knowledge he didn't go away disappointed; but, like

many more, Tom could become very quarrelsome when he thought fit, and after returning from the Argyle Rooms about one a.m. felt inclined to "let go" at any one who opposed him. Very few felt inclined to do this, but the quiet, witty, and sarcastic "R. W. H." frequently took Tom to book. I remember on one of these occasions, when Tom fancied himself a little bit extra, his dilating upon the fact that the late Baron Huddlestone (then a Q.C.) was going on the Oxford *Circus* (Circuit). "What as, Tom?" put in "R. W. H." —"as clown?" "Oh, you're a —— fool!" replied the old Trojan, much to the amusement of all round the table. Tom was with "Bob" Bignell at the Argyle for many years, and was a great favourite with the proprietor. I was with him there in 1857, but, as I said before, I must leave the Argyle Rooms and other places until later on. Brown, although quite fifty years of age, was always as lively as a cricket, and never seemed tired. More than once when we had all gone to bed would he

sit up late, and on a fine summer morning perambulate about until he found some poor old organ-grinder doing his "forty winks" on a doorstep dead beat. Tom would bring him into the passage, start him on "Vilikins and his Dinah," and when we all rushed down in our night shirts, without the slightest ceremony would kick the organ-grinder and his instrument into the yard.

This usually occurred about four a.m., Brown pretending that he had come in late and found the Italian on the premises. Of course we had it out with him, but there was no sleep for us afterwards. There was a young P.C. in the place—"R. W. H." would know him for a certainty—whom Brown would take certain liberties with. This young fellow resented Tom's repeated interferences, and sometimes warmed up to almost a row, but it was of no use, the old 'un being too big and too strong to offer resistance to, so that when he was ordered by Tom to "tumble" he had to do it like any ordinary monkey. Poor Tom

Brown, like Matty Banks and many others, obtained his pension only to die.

Moseley

Had been an inspector at Manchester, but in consequence of a slip against the regulations of the service there was reduced to the rank of a P.C. This, of course, he couldn't stand, and so came to us. Like all the rest of us, he had to commence at the beginning. Moseley was a great feeder, as he also was something else; but there was that about him you couldn't help liking. For instance, when some of the inexperienced P.C.'s happened to put on one side of their plates the best cut from the joint for supper, Moseley, while they were not looking, would put his fork (which was always on the job) into it and bolt it at a gulp, no matter the size. When found out and remonstrated with, he would, in the coolest possible manner, say that he thought it a sin to put the best bit on one side for the kitten.

Just about this time the Governor of the Mauritius applied to Sir Richard Mayne for an inspector and six sergeants. Moseley was sent out as inspector, accompanied by "R. W. H." and others as sergeants. Poor Moseley! he soon came to grief there, in a very short time "d.t.'s" doing for him.

How strange is fortune! Mr. Howes very soon obtained promotion—was sent in charge of the Seychelles, and was soon on the best of terms with the Governor there. In one of his letters to me he wrote "that the bloated aristocracy of the islands consisted of the Governor, the parson, and himself"! He was soon afterwards translated to India, and remains there in a most prominent position—a mark to aim at, showing what can be done by persistency and hard work. But Mr. Howes was an educated man, and in the days of which I am writing we had very few of them in the Metropolitan Police.

Now I think I had better finish with No. 1, Palace Place, and in doing so I wish to place

on record that some of the happiest days of my life were spent there and in the station at Stone's End, Borough. I would like to at once write my experiences at places of public entertainment; but must have patience, and, for the information of my Police readers, give a few words—they won't be many—concerning the heads of departments and surroundings of great Scotland Yard at this time. Before doing so, let me say that No. 1, Palace Place afterwards became the Convict Office, with its museum, which contained the heads (effigies, of course) of notorious criminals. Would that it still contained all my old companions! The Convict Department is now located at New Scotland Yard. When I was transferred to the "Yard," Sir Richard Mayne was the commissioner, Captain Harris and Captain Labalmondière being the assistant commissioners. Mr. Charles Yardley was the chief clerk, and Mr. Robert Walker was the superintendent of the "A" division.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE.

On the formation of the "Force" on the 29th September, 1829, Mr. Mayne and Colonel Rowan were appointed joint-commissioners. Mr. Mayne was a barrister and an Irishman, and was thirty-five years of age. Colonel Rowan was also an Irishman.

It is very evident that the idea of Sir Robert Peel in appointing as commissioners a barrister and a soldier, was to incorporate and carry out *law* and *order;* the one seeing to the legal, and the other to discipline, drill, &c. At the period (1857) of which I am writing Sir Richard was sixty-three years of age, but he didn't look anything like it.

My first interview with him was when he gave me my first promotion. I was ushered into his presence, and shall never forget the

sensation I felt. It almost amounted to a feeling of awe.

He continued writing while I stood to attention for I should say ten minutes, each minute making me feel more uneasy and uncomfortable. At last he put his pen on one side, and, without saying a word, looked me straight in the face—and he knew how to look. His glance seemed to go right through me. At length he said, "Mr. Yardley has recommended you for promotion to the accountant's office. It is a very important position. I hope you will give him satisfaction." I bowed and left the room, a weight being lifted as I got outside the door, wondering whether I should ever have the ill-luck to go before him as a "defaulter." As just stated, he was sixty-three, about five feet eight inches, spare, but well-built, thin face, a very hard compressed mouth, grey hair and whiskers, an eye like that of a hawk, and a slightly limping gait, due, I believe, to rheumatic affection of the hip-joint.

This was Sir Richard Mayne, K.C.B., he having had this title conferred upon him in 1851 in consequence of his able administration during the first Exhibition in Hyde Park.

On the resignation of Colonel Rowan, Captain Hay was appointed joint-commissioner, but upon his death, in 1855, Sir Richard became "*the* Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis," having for his assistants Captain Harris, who had been the chief constable of Hants, and Captain Labalmondière, who previously held the post of district superintendent in the Metropolitan Police.

The amount of work done by the commissioner was enormous. He was frequently at work from ten in the morning till late at night, himself answering most of the letters received, and superintending the most important of the departments of the office. But what a helper he had in his chief clerk, Mr. Charles Yardley! About the same age, they never tired; and when the staff of 4, Whitehall Place were thoroughly beaten, the two

veterans would go home perfectly fresh. What a commissioner and what a chief clerk! Sir Richard died on the 26th December, 1868, respected but feared by all in the service.

A FEW INCIDENTS IN SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S CAREER.

One of the most important events that happened during Sir Richard's commissionership was this. There was never a stricter disciplinarian, and at Christmas-time on one very special occasion he issued an order to the following effect: "That any man reported for drunkenness at Christmas-time would be dismissed." About sixty men were reported for this offence, and on their appearing before him on the morning after Boxing Day, he kept his word, and dismissed them all. Of course, these men knew who they had to deal with, and should have obeyed his orders; but sometimes, and too frequently, human nature is weak, and in this instance it proved itself so up to the hilt. Some of the poor fellows had over twenty years' service.

On another occasion he dismissed three inspectors, one of them having a record of some twenty-eight years.

These inspectors entered an action against him, and although he won it on a technical point it tended to shorten his days—he was never the same man after the ordeal he went through in the witness box.

Sir Richard was getting in the natural order of things older and less fitted to carry on the onerous and important duties attached to his position. He felt, as many others have done, that he alone could carry on the duties of his office. But this is where he began to blunder and fall to pieces; and when the riots in Hyde Park, headed by the late Mr. Beales, the barrister, took place in 1866, Sir Richard had lost nerve. This was when the railings were pulled down. The poor old fellow, sticking to his post in the most gallant manner, and giving orders right and left, was struck in the face by some cowardly scoundrels by stones thrown at him, the blood streaming down his

venerable face. I have always thought and felt that it would have been well had he resigned some years before his lamented death, and handed over the reins to the hands of his most capable assistant commissioner, Colonel Labalmondière, who in discipline and a complete knowledge of the "Force" was his exact counterpart. How it happened that Colonel Labalmondière did not succeed Sir Richard in the commissionership I never heard. I only know that the whole of the Police were disappointed by his non-appointment.

A GREAT FORGERY CASE.

"THE BITER BIT."

JUST about the time I went to the "Yard" a series of successful forgeries had taken place on one or two of the London banks, the most important being the great haul of £40,000 obtained from one of them. Notwithstanding the efforts of the detectives, no clue was obtained as to who the delinquents were.

However, on their obtaining the large sum mentioned, nothing more was heard of them until one of the gang imparted the following story to a friend, but not, of course, until he felt himself safe. "When we got the £40,000 we divided it. There were four of us, and we took equal portions. We all went in various directions. I made for New York, and engaged a top-back room at an hotel on the seventh floor,

feeling that here I was perfectly safe from interference. I had my notes in my portmanteau, and was laying out my plans as to the future, and how I should spend the remainder of my days. I had been in the hotel about a fortnight, never for a moment leaving my room. I had registered my name as Mr. Smith, London. I was turning things over and trying to think, now I was a rich man, what I had better do with my ill-gotten wealth. The day was a gloomy one, and I felt a little bit low-spirited—so much so that I rang the bell and asked William, the waiter, to bring me a bottle of brandy. The bottle was brought up, and, taking a gulp, I felt better and in higher spirits. Feeling the good it had done me, I continued taking it until it was all gone. I dropped into a reverie, and imagined all sorts of things. I thought of the lifetime which I had spent in crime; the great number I had swindled; wondered what had become of my comrades in guilt, and what I should do with the notes in my portmanteau; when I heard

a knock at the door. I was a bit dazed, but said, 'Come in.' William appeared and said, 'A gentleman wants to see you, sir, very particularly.' I felt staggered, and, notwithstanding all I could do, couldn't pull myself together. William remarked, 'Don't you feel well, sir?' I told him I didn't, and requested him to tell the visitor to call to-morrow. What torture I experienced during the waiter's absence! I had been found out; I had been tracked; and here I was in a top back room of a gigantic hotel, without the slightest possibility of escape. I looked out of the window; there was nothing between me and the paving-stones below, some hundred feet. I felt I was losing my senses, my head began to reel, when a knock at the door, and William entered. 'Has he gone?' I gasped. 'No, sir; he is at the bottom of the stairs, and says he must see you, and will not go without.' I pulled myself together. I saw the game was up, but didn't intend the detective should have it all his own way; so said to William, 'Tell

him I shall be busy for a quarter of an hour, and shall be very happy to see him then.' I saw at a glance my only chance. This man, whoever he was, had never seen me, and couldn't identify me. If I could only get rid of the notes, I was safe. Without the slightest hesitation I took the bundle from the portmanteau, placed them upon the shovel from the fireplace, lit a match, set fire to them; and when they had been completely consumed to ashes, opened the window, and blew them out, leaving the door and window open to get rid of the burning smell.

"I felt I was now a perfectly free man, but without a penny in the world.

"I rang the bell, and told William to show the gentleman in. He did so. In walked a tall, thin, lantern-jawed, American-looking parson. 'What do you want with me?' I asked indignantly. 'If you please, Mr. Smith, I am the pastor of an iron chapel at the back of the hotel; and, hearing that you are a very rich man, and good to the waiters, I thought I would ask you for a subscription.'"

JONATHAN WHICHER.

THE ROAD MURDER.

"JACK" WHICHER was the prince of detectives. I never knew him to blunder. On the contrary, every important case was placed in his hands by Sir Richard—the most important of all being that of the "Road Murder," which happened on the 29th June, 1860. All the efforts of the Somersetshire Police to discover the murderer proving unavailing, the Secretary of State for the Home Department directed Sir R. Mayne to send his best man to *work out the case.* (I was nearly making use of the word "investigate," but, as heretofore stated, don't like the title "Criminal Investigation Department." The term "Detective Department" to me seeming better.) Whicher went to Frome, and immediately set to work. It

will be remembered, by men of my own age or much younger, that the infant child of Mr. Kent had been found with its throat cut in the pan of a w.c. at his residence, the greatest mystery surrounding the whole affair. Mr. Kent had married twice, his second wife being governess to his children by his first. The eldest of these was a girl of fifteen, named Constance.

Whicher saw Mr. Kent, had a long interview with him as to any one he suspected, &c., but to no purpose. Mr. Kent knew nothing, or, at any rate, left the matter an open question. Whicher went quietly to work, and strongly suspecting Constance to be the culprit, from motives of jealousy, kept her under observation. He ascertained that she had been of a very wayward disposition, and had, on more than one occasion, left home in boy's clothes. He had interviews with her, but could ascertain little, till at last he asked for her laundry book. He looked it through, and discovered that the entry for the week following the

murder disclosed the fact that a night-dress was missing. He saw the laundress, and ascertained from her that this was the only occasion such a thing had happened. He worked away, and, under the grate of the copper, found the burnt remains of some linen. Putting all matters together, he took upon himself the responsibility of charging Constance with the wilful murder of her infant stepbrother. She was taken before the bench of magistrates at Frome, who looked upon the charge as one that ought never to have been made, dismissing it in a way that almost broke the heart of poor Whicher, who returned to head-quarters thoroughly chapfallen. This was a great blow to him, from which he never recovered; the commissioner and others losing faith in him for the first time. He didn't stay long in the Force afterwards; but I think he lived sufficiently long to learn that Constance Kent made a confession to a Ritualistic clergyman at Brighton that she alone (giving details) committed the murder. She wished it made

known, and, on being convicted, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, the proper proportion of which she served; thus vindicating the sound judgment of the best detective Scotland Yard ever possessed, but not before the poor old chap had suffered in various ways from the decision of the magistrates at Frome.

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK.

A FEW of us were taking it easy one afternoon in the back hall of the "Yard," when two P.C.'s brought in a man apparently half-drowned. On asking what was the matter, one of the men said his attention had been called to the prisoner, who was attempting to drown himself in one of the basins in Trafalgar Square. The poor fellow looked very ill and thoroughly soaked. I directed them to take him over to No. 1, strip him, dry his clothes, and to bring him in again. This having been done, we ascertained from him that he was a Welshman, a carpenter, had just got married, and had come to London to take out of St. Martin's saving bank £150, the savings of his life.

As he emerged from the Bank with the

notes in his pocket, he was accosted by two country-looking men. One of them asked him if he could direct them to Trafalgar Square (a few yards away). On informing them that he was a stranger in London, and didn't know, they said they were in the same predicament, and invited him to a little refreshment at a public-house in St. Martin's Lane. He declined, but one of them said he had just come in for £10,000, and that he meant to give it all away in charities, or otherwise; and that, as he seemed a respectable young man, he might as well have some of it as any one else. The bait took, he accompanied them, and the "millionaire," pulling out a roll of notes, placed them upon the table, telling the "joskin" he could take what he liked.

The poor fellow's gratitude was unbounded; he informed them how he had come to town to take the savings of his life out of the bank, his marriage, &c. His patrons were enraptured to think how fortunate they were in meeting with one so deserving of their bounty. Of

course, in a matter of this kind they must have some confidence in him, and to prove it he must show that what he stated was true. The poor dupe taking out his notes placed them upon the table. He was told he could have £1,000, and that he could help himself, but to make the transaction a strictly legal one a receipt stamp would be required. Had he got one? No. Well, there was a post-office only a few doors off, and if he would run for the stamp the whole affair could be done in a moment. But as this was a matter of confidence on both sides, he must leave his notes alongside the others. This he did, and on returning with the stamp found the parlour empty. It *was* done in a moment. We paid the poor fellow's fare back to his native land. I wonder what his future career was? Surely he ought never to forget his ducking in the basins of Trafalgar Square.

THE LATE HUGH ECCLES

(Superintendent, "X" Division).

Eccles, alluded to by me in my preliminary remarks *re* the drill ground in Charles Street, was, I should say, for about thirty years the best-known man in the Metropolitan Police. He had been a sergeant in one of the Line regiments, but purchased his discharge, joining the Police (A division) in 1851, the year of the first Exhibition. He was a first-class *drill*, and when in the service only a few months Mr. May, the then superintendent, had him promoted to the post of sergeant.

As before stated, he was *the* smartest man, whether in uniform or plain clothes, we had. His exuberance of spirits was remarkable. Only let an idea of fun get possession of him and he was beyond control.

How to place before my readers, in and out

of the Police, who knew him, the many "larks" he indulged in, would fill a big volume. Suffice it to give a few of the most important. While a sergeant he got into conflict with, like himself, a hot-headed individual at Charing Cross. The "individual" called him a liar, when Eccles, without a moment's hesitation, gave him a smack across the "chops." This led to his dismissal, but as Superintendent May was enraptured with his drill sergeant, and made every effort with the commissioner for his reinstatement, it eventually took place, but not before he was convicted at Bow Street for the assault.

Eccles and myself were, so to speak, flung together during our career. We did all the most important duties at the operas, casinos, and other places of entertainment; very different thirty years and more ago than it is now—Mr. George Augustus Sala at the present time giving strong proof of this in his *Journal*. On one occasion Eccles and half-a-dozen other inspectors were "told off" for duty at Ascot

during the race week. As usual, he had a "go" at each one of his *confrères*, worrying them to such an extent, one after the other, that all at last combined to give him a *settler*. Amongst those who embarked in the conspiracy I may mention the names of Richardson, Bradstock, Whicher, &c., all very prominent men at the "Yard." It was brought about in this fashion. At this period moustaches and beards were not allowed to be worn, all had to wear whiskers only, or be clean shaven. Now, our friend had about the bushiest, blackest, and best-trimmed whiskers of us all. They stood out from each side of the face at least two inches. Eccles prided himself immensely on these natural adornments, and, I should say, would be sorry to part with them for a pension. However, retribution was in store for him. A conclave was held, his health drank over and over again, until at last, in the natural order of things, he became drowsy and retired for the night. Soon was heard from his nasal organ the signal to commence business.

The landlady of the hotel was communicated with, a pair of scissors obtained, and a midnight march on the part of the conspirators commenced. All had to act with caution; for should there be the slightest mistake, and our friend were to wake up, it would simply mean "the devil take the hindmost"; for he was a powerful man, and would very soon make mincemeat of the lot. But as luck would have it, he slumbered on, a perfect picture of innocence, childlike in all its surroundings.

He was lying on his back, the magnificent whiskers standing well out on either side. Now was the moment. The bunch on the left cheek was cut off close to the skin, falling upon the pillow, the other being allowed to remain. A stampede from the room took place, for justice had been vindicated. When all appeared on the course the next day, many were the inquiries why he had shaved off his splendid adornments! But he soon had his revenge. I wonder if Mr. Denning, who for so many years was chief of the Police at the House of Lords and the House

of Commons, ever heard of the foregoing until the present time?

Shortly after returning from Ascot, Eccles, who had some business with Sir Richard, met one of the previously mentioned conspirators outside the commissioner's door waiting, like himself, to transact business. When his turn came, and the door was opened for him to enter, he did so, but in a very undignified way. The instant he was about to enter the room Eccles placed his foot in front of the other's and sent him sprawling on all fours before the head of the Metropolitan Police.

"What's the meaning of this?" roared Sir Richard. The poor fellow was so overwhelmed with amazement at his position that he was unable for a minute or two to reply, but at last stammered out that his boot caught in the edge of the carpet and sent him flying. Apologizing in the most abject manner for his mishap, the incident passed. Thus ended revenge No. 1.

Revenge No. 2. A very short time elasped

before another of the conspirators came under my friend's notice.

On this occasion Inspector B. had gone into the receiver's office, leaving his hat outside on the safe. Eccles with his customary astuteness saw his chance. Getting from the office keeper a bag of flour, he poured the contents into the hat.

The unsuspecting one having transacted his business with the receiver, came out in a terrible hurry, and seizing his hat, immediately placed it upon his head—enveloping himself, amidst the laughter of those who witnessed this occurrence. Of course the practical joker was present, who felt he had now cleared off the score against him.

What a lot more I could write about him in the same strain, but where is the necessity?

In Part II. it will become unavoidable, because, as just before stated, we were flung together on duty at places of entertainment. Very much more of Eccles further on.

MR. JAMES J. THOMSON,

EX-SUPERINTENDENT, BOW STREET.

Mr. Thomson must undoubtedly be reckoned among the leading celebrities of Great Scotland Yard. Why the "Yard" should ever have been called "Great" surpasses my comprehension, considering its limited dimensions. It was originally the mews for Whitehall Place.

Mr. Thomson came to us very unexpectedly in 1862. Up to that time, as far as I know, no one had ever entered the Detective Department as a sergeant to commence with, unless it was a transfer from another division, but he did. We were all taken by surprise, wondering who the new-comer was, and where he came from. In my preliminary notes I mentioned, in speaking of Chief Constable Williamson and his

knowledge of the French language, that the vast majority of the Force hardly knew how to speak their own native tongue properly, and, as Mr. Thomson happened to be a linguist, I presume this was the secret of his special appointment. However, he himself knows all about it, and if any of my readers are curious or anxious on the point, all I can say is, go and seek an interview with him, and he is sure to satisfy you. He is now superannuated after a long and laborious service of twenty-five years. I doubt if any one had a much more varied or eventful career in the Police service. In 1867 he came very rapidly to the front. This was when the Fenian movement was in full swing, and when Colonel Burke was one of its most prominent and most dangerous leaders. Sir Richard Mayne had great confidence in Mr. Thomson, and commissioned him to make a special effort to capture the Colonel. This he accomplished, almost single-handed, in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, capturing, with the assistance of the P.C. on the beat, not only

Colonel Burke, but his companion, Casey. This so pleased the old commissioner, that shortly afterwards he was promoted to superintendent of the "E" or Bow Street division, a position he held for a period of seventeen years. There is no doubt that the capture of Colonel Burke practically broke up the Fenian conspiracy.

Another very prominent case, taken in hand and successfully carried through by him, was the Boulton and Park affair, details of which will not be mentioned in this work. I know, in connection with this outrageous case, that Mr. Thomson had in his possession over 2,000 letters.

Mr. Thomson was succeeded in June, 1887, by an officer of great experience, in the person of Mr. Superintendent Steggles, who has been connected with no fewer than six different divisions. To show the importance of the E or Bow Street division, I may here mention that besides such public buildings as the Law Courts, Somerset House, Record Office, &c., there are no fewer than fifteen theatres and four

music-halls, all situated between the Embankment and Holborn. During the season these nightly accommodate 50,000 visitors, so that from eleven to twelve o'clock at night it is no wonder the Strand presents the crowded appearance witnessed there.

MR. TOM BUTT.

Does any one know who Tom Butt is? Now, don't all speak at once. To those of my readers who happen to be so unfortunate as to be unacquainted with him, the following will throw a little light upon the subject.

By the kind invitation of my greatly esteemed old friend Mr. Superintendent Brannan, of the L division, I attended the Canterbury Music Hall (being connected with this kind of entertainment, I should have said the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties), the occasion being the benefit given annually by George Adney Payne, Esq., the proprietor, in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage. After the performance and supper had been got rid of, singing became the order of the night, or rather early morning. The one who

"took the cake" on the occasion was a gentleman who occupied the vice-chair. He sang a hunting song, and "brought down the house." I happened to be poked away in a corner where the waiters transacted their business, and was highly amused to hear two of them go on in this strain :—

"I say, Bill, who's that swell that just sung that song?" "Why, don't you know?" "No." "You don't know him?" "No." "Well I'm jiggered! Why, that's Tom Butt." "Who's Tom Butt?" "Well, you *are* ignorant, Jim—every one in England knows him. He's the head of the Police, and the Crystal Palace and a lot of other places belong to him; besides, he puts every one who's got a bald head up to the dodge of getting his wool on again. It was only a short time ago his own head got like a skating-rink; but he'd been reading George R. Sims' cure for bald heads in the *Referee*, and tried the remedy; and now look at him!—why, he's got the finest head of hair in the room!" "I'm glad you told me about

this, Bill; for my wool's going off fast—and you know waiters ain't thought much of when the thatch is gone. I wonder if he'd put me up to the dodge if I was to ask him." "Of course he will; he's one of the best chaps out—not a bit of pride about him, and always ready to do any fellow a turn." Jim took Bill's advice, and went straight to Tom Butt, where, for the present, I will leave him.

The waiter's estimate of Mr. Butt was a correct one—a better fellow, or one always ready to do a good turn for another, could not be met with. To me it is a great source of satisfaction and gratification to have had Mr. Butt as one of my officers at the "Yard." Although Mr. Thomson had much to do with the Fenian conspiracy, I don't forget that Sergeant Butt, as he then was, was "told off," with several others, to go through the main sewer to discover whether any explosives were placed there. This he did, rigged up in waterproofs, leggings, &c., and well fortified with brandy. He entered the

lower regions near the Houses of Parliament, and travelled miles of the unsavoury locality. He told me at the time he wouldn't undertake a similar job for any consideration. He had charge of the exploring party. He got on very quickly in the service, winding up by becoming superintendent of the P division. Probably, when Bill, the waiter, said the Crystal Palace belonged to him, it was because it happened to be on *his ground.*

SUPERINTENDENT SHORE,

DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT.

With the solitary exception of Superintendent Ware of the Public Carriage Branch, Mr. Shore must be the only remnant left of the old school of Scotland Yard. I haven't mentioned the word "Great" this time because we have had about enough of it. New Scotland Yard is the present title given to the Police Office, and a very applicable one it seems—that is to say, for the present; but as years roll by, and all now connected with it and hundreds of others to follow have joined "the majority," my impression is that, say about A.D. 2000, those of the staff there will feel inclined to call it *Old S.Y.* Scotland Yard pure and simple would, I think, answer all purposes—past, present, and future. I wonder how many ever heard of

Middle Scotland Yard, where the United Service Museum for so many years existed? But to get on with Mr. Shore. What ups and downs, what chops and changes has he not witnessed in his own department, from Williamson downwards! But I doubt if anything that happened there, whether in connection with the Fenian conspiracy or the dynamite scare, could have impressed itself more strongly upon him than the deplorable affair of the Goncourt (Turf) frauds.

This was something to remember for a lifetime. I would be glad to let the matter slide out of recollection, but feel I should be wanting in good faith to my readers were I not to call attention to all the most important events that came under my notice whether inside the Police Force or out. It will be remembered how Benson and his gang swindled a lady; how he in (to me) the most unaccountable manner managed to entangle several of the leading officials of the Detective Department; how it resulted in the imprisonment, with hard labour

for two years, of three inspectors who, up to this time, had borne irreproachable characters; and how Benson and his confederates underwent terms of penal servitude, varying from ten years downwards. At the time it seemed almost impossible for the department to recover from the shock, but by the strenuous exertions of Colonel Howard Vincent, Mr. Williamson, and Mr. Shore, the branch was entirely reorganized, and stands before the public as all now know it. I wish Mr. Shore many more years of active service.

AN ORGIE
AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

About the year 1862 one of our number was selected as chief of the Police for a distant part, the Governor of the place having applied to Sir Richard to send him a good, experienced man. An inspector was selected for the post, and as the journey was a long one, and it was just possible we might never see our old comrade again, Williamson, Eccles, and myself formed ourselves into a committee to do him honour and to give him a proper "send off." This took the form of a dinner at the House of Commons, most excellently put upon the table by that splendid caterer Mr. Blayden. Our great difficulty consisted in the choice of a chairman. We made overtures to Mr. Walker, our superintendent, but without avail

—he knew too much! At last, the duty devolved upon Superintendent Butt, of the V division, cousin of the celebrated Tom of the same name, recently referred to. Mr. Butt had been our senior inspector (no *chief* inspectors then—we were all on an equality; "Inspector" being the only title for all of that name). We made a goodly show—eighteen in all. On the right of the chairman the selected inspector of course took his place, the left falling to the lot of Walsh, our oldest in rank. Round about came Williamson, Eccles, Tanner, Bradstock, Grant (House of Commons), Chas. Walker (Marlborough House), Baldry (Buckingham Palace), one or two more whose names are difficult to call up, Martin, my old colleague in the Public Carriage Branch, and lastly and *leastly*, yours very truly. Never in the annals of the House had such an assembly met before. Parliament was sitting, and it would have been a good thing for the members present had they, instead of wasting their time over long-drawn-out speeches, adjourned to Room 999 and listened to the eloquence of practical men.

As just stated, Parliament was sitting when we started, *but it wasn't* when we left off. It was just eight o'clock when we commenced, and five when we finished. Now, as five couldn't mean p.m., you know all about it. The worst of it was we had all to be at our various posts at ten, not a quarter of an hour off being allowed by our superintendent. The dinner over, and the usual loyal toasts having been drunk with the greatest enthusiasm, speechifying and singing commenced. Mr. Butt made an excellent chairman, which is more than I can say for the "vice"—Bill Grant—who was selected because of the position he held at the House. Bill was a Yorkshireman, and like his *county*man mentioned in connection with Palace Place, generally held a pretty good skinful. So apparent was this on the present occasion, even at the start, that we of the committee had very serious ideas of superseding him. However, thinking he was sure to pull himself together, we didn't interfere. But we made a mistake, for an instant afterwards

the "vice" was on the floor, covered with the table-cloth, the dessert, two or three decanters, &c. It seems he felt his position was something to be proud of—and no doubt it was—but that was no reason why he should have tried experiments as to the balancing powers of the hind-legs of his chair, for leaning back in the most *rekerky* style, he just did a bit of over-balancing, and, to save himself, caught hold of the cloth, with the result above mentioned. We soon got him in position again, and went on with the entertainment. The chairman now proposed in most felicitous terms the health of Charles Eustace Walsh, the senior inspector of the "A" division.

Pulling himself up to his extreme height, which was six feet two-and-a-half inches without his boots, it was evident he meant on this occasion to give us a dose. About half an hour or three-quarters was the time occupied in his usual responses. Eccles sat next to me, and, after Walsh had been at it for about twenty minutes, said: "Look here, we've had

enough of this, it must be stopped somehow," and taking an orange from the table, he commenced to peel it. What an orange it was! Just about the size of a decent pumpkin. Instead of being on the table at the House of Commons it ought to have been on exhibition in the Grand Row of Covent Garden Market. "Shall I let fly?" said Eccles. I implored him to wait for the *peroration*. It soon came, and in the midst of it the orange went smash between the eyes. Never throughout his long and brilliant career did Mr. W. G. Grace, the celebrated cricketer, strike the centre stump as Eccles struck the bridge of Walsh's nose. Drawing himself up in the most dignified way, he appealed to the chair to inform him who the villain was who had so grossly insulted him, but he might as well have interrogated the man in the moon. The superintendent was so convulsed with laughter, and was so stout and short-necked, that we made sure he would have an apoplectic fit. So we got a couple of the "lads" to keep on whacking him on the back

till he came round. Walsh, finding his appeal to the chair of no avail, turned his attention to the "vice," but as Charles Eustace was very near-sighted and couldn't see Grant, so Bill from an entirely opposite cause was unable to see Walsh, and nothing came of it. The latter, furious with rage, asked if there were any gentlemen present. No response being given, he said he would find out who the ruffian was who had so grossly insulted him, and, directly he did so, he *would have his blood.*

At this juncture, Tanner, who for some time past had been "making a book," got on a chair, and with book in hand offered to lay ten to one to any amount that in the morning we all would be dismissed. No takers; although I really felt that had a complaint been made from some influential quarter, we might have found ourselves at least consigned to the Clock Tower for "contempt." Isn't it surprising how far the Police can go without getting into trouble? I'll just tell you of an affair—no, I won't, because it is two a.m., and the House hasn't risen.

Ours had been doing the opposite kind of thing for some time past. The speaker of the morning was Inspector Lumley, and Lumley could speak. Had it not been for the unfortunate incident of the orange, we could have listened with the most perfect complacency and delight to him for the next hour; but, yielding to a wink or two from the committee, I am sure he had no desire to emulate Charles Eustace Walsh in the *peroration* business, and so collapsed. Williamson was called upon for a song; but, being on the committee, thought it prudent to decline, as did also Eccles and myself. We had quite sufficient to look after, and to bring the affair to a happy termination.

This soon occurred, as there were loud calls for some one to propose the health of the "vice." Now the "vice" for a long time past had been breathing very heavily—in fact, snoring; and when pushed and shaken for some minutes, at last woke up to the occasion. "What's up?" said the "vice." "Why, your health has just been proposed." "Oh, has it?

Then order another dozen of champagne." This wouldn't do at any price ; so, lifting the beauty up to respond, he in the most graceful manner slid from the vice-chair under the table, where, considering the late hour, we thought it prudent to leave him. More compliments having been paid to the guest of the night, the chairman, committee, &c., we brought the proceedings to a close ; but not, I think, before we heard the quiet step of our superintendent, Mr. Walker, departing in peace—very glad, no doubt, that the business was over. But was it over? What about Grant? He had to be got to his virtuous couch somehow ; and as he was unable to get there on his own account, willing hands did the business for him, but not before he had defied all the Rooshians and the Prooshians to meet him in mortal combat. So ended the "Orgie at the House of Commons."

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE CABMAN.

BOW STREET.

I HAD occasion to summon a man for "driving without a licence." I felt very sorry to be obliged to do this, for the man had a clean record, and could, by calling at the office, and paying the sum of five shillings, have had his licence at any time. However, duty is duty, and he had to appear in due form before Mr. Flowers. Having stated the few facts in connection with the case, and that the man's character was very good, Mr. Flowers asked him why he was so foolish as to drive without a licence, when, by going to the office and paying five shillings, he could have obtained it. The driver's reply was very brief: "Because I hadn't got the money." The magistrate eyed him for a moment, and beckoned to me to go to

him on the Bench. "Find out if his story is correct, and if it is, give my compliments to Sir Richard, and say if he will approve of it, I should like to pay for this man's licence."

The man's story was correct; Sir Richard gave his approval, and the man, having obtained his licence, accompanied me to Bow Street to thank one of kindest-hearted men that ever sat on the Bench.

This is only a little incident, but there's a very great moral attaching to it. We still have a few kind-hearted men on the Bench, as newspapers prove every day.

MR. THOMAS KITTLE,

LATE OF THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH.

THE Executive Branch, as its name implies, is one of the most important in the service. It has possessed some very able men, the ablest of them all up to the time of his leaving being Superintendent Kittle.

He came to us in 1857, and very soon made his mark. His duties were confined to head-quarters. He hadn't the same opportunities for distinguishing himself outside as others had, but he left his impression very strongly in the records of the office.

To him is undoubtedly due the introduction of printing and telegraphy at head-quarters. He was responsible for the production of a new instruction book, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about an educational test for pro-

motion. I know some one else who had a finger in the pie, but he shall be nameless. I well remember Kittle, looking as demure as an old owl, asking aspirants for promotion how many sixes there were in seven, &c., while the assistant commissioner presided over the proceedings in the stateliest manner.

However insignificant as the beginning seemed, it has since developed into a stiff educational test in Cannon Row. Mr. Kittle has been out of the service a long time now, but while in it he did much to raise the tone of his branch. Although his predecessors in the office simply held the rank of inspector, he by his great ability and energy raised the position to that of superintendent, thus in a measure placing his successors in a state of indebtedness to him. What a lot I could here say of the many times we did duty together at Drury Lane, the Casino, &c., but must leave it for the second part.

There is only one other I intend to refer to in connection with the old school.

SUPERINTENDENT WARE,

PUBLIC CARRIAGE OFFICE.

This was my old department. Having been promoted to inspector by Sir R. Mayne on December 21, 1860, at the early age of twenty-four, I had to take my leave of the accountant's office, where I had been for a period of nearly four years, to become the junior inspector of this branch. I simply mention this for the information of my readers in the Police to let them know how closely Mr. Ware and myself resembled each other with regard to our various promotions. He succeeded me in the accountant's office, and when I became chief of the licensing branch in 1865 followed me there as junior; and when in 1869 my health broke down to such an extent that the divisional surgeon, Dr. Bond, thought it

was about "a case of pickles" with me (I thought so too myself), took my place at the head of the department.

No man has worked harder or more persistently in the Police Office than Mr. Ware. From 1857 to the present time—a period of thirty-five years—he has throughout this long period set an example of close application to work and the development of his branch that might well merit imitation in any direction. When I met him recently he informed me he was afraid he should not be able to put in many more years. Many more years! He didn't quite seem to take in the fact that what is considered a fair lifetime had already been passed in the public service. However, at our interview Mr. Ware looked so strong that I sincerely hope the service will not for years to come lose the very valuable services of this very valuable old officer.

FINAL POLICE NOTES.

I HAVE now finished with the Police portion of my book, and trust I have given satisfaction and at the same time amusement to my readers. I have endeavoured to mix the grave and the gay, allowing the latter, as a matter of course, to preponderate. I may be permitted to remark here that the Metropolitan Police Force is a splendid body of men, intelligent, energetic, and trustworthy. There has been some talk lately of their falling into the hands of the County Council. I most sincerely hope this eventuality will never take place. The County Council is a constantly changing body, their doings are very erratic, their constant interference with the duties of the Police would throw the latter into a complete state of disorganization, and all proper

discipline would become a dead letter. Look at the County Council Police at present doing duty in the various gardens in the Metropolis —what specimens compared with the Metropolitan! Depend upon it, if they only once got our men into their hands the "*specimen genus*" would become the order of the day; instead of a smart, well-disciplined, well-organized body of men as they now are, you would have a County Council uniformed rabble. No, the Metropolitan Police must not come under the L.C.C. They are to all intents and purposes an Imperial body performing Imperial duties. They have done well under the Home Office for the long period of sixty-three years. Let them so remain until some day we have a Minister of Police for the whole of the country. This, I firmly believe, will eventually take place. We have a Minister for the Army, we have one for the Navy, also a Minister of Agriculture. Then why not have for Great Britain—which possesses a force of at least 60,000 policemen—a Minister of Police?

PART THE SECOND.

PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.

St. Martin's Hall.

I WONDER how many of my readers call to mind the Hall situated for so many years at the corner of Long Acre and Endell Street! My first experience there was in 1856, with Mr. John Hullah, the proprietor. This was before the public knew anything except in a few isolated cases of the Music Hall. It is astonishing when one looks back for only a period of thirty-six years to imagine that almost the only halls in the West End where concerts were given were St. Martin's Hall and Exeter Hall, and at these places only occasionally. There was no St. James' Hall, no Albert Hall, no Prince's Hall, no Piccadilly

Hall, no Grosvenor Gallery, no Agricultural Hall, no Royal Aquarium, no Victoria Hall, no Alexandra Palace, and I was about to say no Crystal Palace, but there *was* the Crystal Palace, but it had only been in existence a very short time. The more I think of it, the more amazed I become to think that only thirty-six years ago in this great City of London we had only two notable concert halls, supplemented by such places as Willis's Rooms, Hanover Square ditto, and the "Horns" at Kennington. The marvel is how the people managed to enjoy themselves at all. Certainly the theatres were in full swing, and monopolized almost everything. Of course, there were the Surrey and other Gardens running, as also the Argyle Rooms and Holborn Casino, on which I shall touch in due course; but for concert hall purposes there were only the two mentioned. St. Martin's Hall was noted for many excellent concerts, among the artists being Sims Reeves, Santley, Weiss, Miss Dolby, Miss Palmer, Miss Poole, and

many others of the front rank. Charles Dickens frequently gave readings from his own works, and on many a night I have seen an assemblage quite equal in every respect to that found at the St. James' Hall on Ballad Concert nights. I suppose that in his time Mr. Hullah did more for the cultivation of vocal music among the people than any other.

"The Committee of Council on Education" confided to Mr. Hullah the duty of adapting Wilhelm's method to the state of instruction in the elementary schools of England, and of introducing such improvements as might be suggested by his own taste and skill.

I will wind up my remarks concerning St. Martin's Hall by a quotation from the "Extracts from a prefatory minute of the Committee of Council on Education." It is this: "A nation without innocent amusements is commonly demoralized. Amusements which wean the people from vicious indulgences are in themselves a great advantage; they con-

tribute indirectly to the increase of domestic comfort, and promote the contentment of the artisan."

P.S.—St. Martin's Hall afterwards became the Queen's Theatre (this title having been taken from the one demolished in Tottenham Court Road,), then the Universities Stores, founded by C. J. Ribton-Turner, and lastly is at present the Exeter Hall Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium. If any one requires further and fuller information respecting old St. Martin's Hall, he can obtain it from Mr. J. H. Jennings, for so many years manager of the Oxford Music Hall. No one in London had more to do with class music than he. I became a pupil of Mr. Hullah's in 1861, Mr. Constantine being my teacher, and a most able one he was. Mr. Jennings will remember him. I still possess my *Manual.*

MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

WHAT name thirty or forty years ago took hold of the British public like M. Jullien's? You had to find it. His promenade concerts at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's, and other places were the most successful things of the day. Although I was with him at each of the above places, I am only going to mention one establishment where he held them, and this was the Lyceum in 1857. Covent Garden Theatre having been burnt down in March, 1856, and Drury Lane and Her Majesty's being engaged for other purposes, Jullien was compelled to fall back upon the Lyceum. It may be in the recollection of pleasure-seekers at this period that the Frenchman was of a very nervous temperament—in fact, was "funky." He had a fixed idea that

one day he would be assassinated, and therefore took the precaution to have, on the opening night, twenty constables on duty, in charge of an inspector. Not satisfied even with this strong force—strong enough for any contingency—he engaged me specially—in plain clothes, of course—to sit behind him while he conducted. It was to me a really painful position, and when the opera-glasses were levelled at the impresario from all parts of the house, I felt that one or two of the best "shootists" had "spotted" me. For this service Monsieur, on Saturday nights, handed me the very respectable sum of thirty shillings, which, added to my pay as sergeant, brought my salary up to something decent, and enabled me to wear clothing suitable to the occasion.

The First Night at Jullien's Concerts.

I never knew a First Night at Jullien's concerts that there wasn't a tremendous row. It happened in this wise: Some scores of medical students would occupy the centre of the promenade. After Jullien had been "at it" for a few minutes following the overture, a tumult took place in the very centre of the promenade (no seats about then as there are now at these kind of concerts)—a ring was formed about twelve feet in diameter, a *bad* half-crown was thrown into its centre, a yokel of some description would rush in to pick it up, when, by arrangement, the gang would close in, topple him over and fall upon him. The latter, to free himself, would strike out in all directions, the affair generally ending in about half-a-dozen being carefully deposited at the nearest Police station. I never knew a First Night at Jullien's concerts that this kind of thing didn't happen.

Poor Jullien, as I have just now mentioned,

was nervous to a degree. When I met him each evening he would shake hands and impress upon me the great necessity of keeping my eyes open. Should the slightest movement take place in the promenade, I was to rush down (I didn't do this very frequently), see the inspector, and have the culprits ejected, or, in other words, "chucked."

But what a leader, or rather conductor, of an orchestra Jullien was! With wavy black hair, whiskers, and moustache, in evening dress, the frill of his shirt standing out almost beyond the orchestra itself, he would place himself in an attitude never to be forgotten. With hands stretched out from the shoulders, he would with his bâton give a clean sweep all round, and then start the "British Army Quadrilles." Whoever managed those quadrilles like Jullien? Here was the elder Godfrey with his famous band, and an orchestra composed of the pick of the operas. Bang! went everything. From beginning to end Jullien *was* Jullien, no one else "being in it." Who remembers Jetty

Treffs? She was Jullien's trump card. When she gave "Trab, Trab, Trab," the audience knew no bounds, and when compelled to respond over and over again, she would, in her arch style, give as a finale, "Comin' thro' the Rye." Poor Jetty Treffs! I wonder if she is still alive! What delight she caused to thousands.

JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUÉ.

JULLIEN always wound up his season with a bal masqué. I have not had the pleasure of being present at Sir Augustus Harris's Bal Masqués, but I never missed one at any place from 1856 to 1866, and of these I shall speak farther on; but the one to which I intend particularly to apply myself is Jullien's at the end of his season in 1857 at the Lyceum. Is it any use describing a bal masqué? The recent doings in this line at Covent Garden have put every one up to what takes place. To those of my readers who have not had the good fortune to be present at one I will simply explain, that if you will imagine a large crowd of persons dressed as clowns, pantaloons, harlequins, Henry the Eighths (stout men), John o' Gaunts (lanky men), columbines, country lasses, &c., &c., and

the majority in evening dress with dominoes, you can form a very good idea of its composition. All go for fun, and to amuse and be amused. On the occasion in question, we had a very mixed and "rowdy" lot. Jullien was a little bit *extra* nervous, and drew my attention to the assemblage. It was useless for me to point out to him that if people paid their money there was no hindrance to their taking part in the night's proceedings, however bad they might be considered. However, I felt a bit anxious about one man I saw, and that was

"KANGAROO."

"Kangaroo" was a half-caste and a fighting man. I should be very sorry to say he was a *prize fighter*, for I doubt if he ever entered the ring against a good man; but I will tell what above everything else he really was: he was a "bully," and obtained his living by levying blackmail on the "unfortunates" in the Haymarket, which at this period was filled

with *night-houses*. To go on. I marked this fellow out from the commencement, knowing that before the night was over we should have trouble with him. I wasn't mistaken. After the supper, when all, in the usual course of things, got a bit merrier, "Kangaroo" was prowling about smoking a huge cigar. Jullien, with his quick eye, noticed this at once, and asked me to see to it. I went down and drew the attention of Sergeant O'Loghlen (afterwards superintendent of the S division) to the matter. He spoke to "Kangaroo," who, now being well in liquor, and possessing an extraordinary amount of "Dutch courage," told him to go to *Spain*. Placards were posted all over the theatre prohibiting smoking. These were pointed out to the "nigger," but without avail: so, losing all patience, the sergeant sent the cigar flying from "Kangaroo's" mouth. How the fellow fought! Never in the "ring" or the Haymarket did he behave so well. It was real genuine business, and before we had done with him it took eight of us to lodge him

in Bow Street, the "frog's march" having to be performed; in the morning, forty shillings or a month's *hard* being the result. The poor Frenchman wasn't himself during the remainder of the night, or rather morning. However, everything has to come to an end, as did the bal masqué at the Lyceum. I often wonder that, if any one had a "go" at Jullien and missed him, where should I have been? Surely not here to write the foregoing.

Poor Jullien! As most of his friends anticipated, he ended his days in an asylum, regretted by all who knew him. *R.I.P.*

E. T. SMITH.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, THE ALHAMBRA, ASTLEY'S THEATRE, CREMORNE GARDENS, HIGHBURY BARN, AND DIVERS OTHER PLACES.

WHO remembers E. T. Smith when he was the proprietor of the "Red Lion and Ball," in Red Lion Street, Holborn? Now, my readers, I want very particularly to ask you, if you can go back so far, what he was doing at this hostelry. He was a man of many parts and innumerable devices. I should say he was a *born* "showman." Very few will call to mind the

"BLOOMER."

There was much agitation at this period respecting the kind of dress ladies should adopt, as there has been times without number since, and as there must be in the future, so long as fashion exists. The ladies of the

period had a desire to wear the "unmentionables," but didn't know how to go about the business. "E. T.," as I shall continue to describe him, did. He saw a rare chance, and engaging some of the prettiest barmaids he could meet with, put them into the "Bloomer" costume. The dress consisted of a tunic to just below the knees, the "unmentionables" taking the form of Turkish women's trousers, and just stopping short of the ankle—natty boots, and a *kepi* hat, or rather a cap. This was the "Bloomer" costume forty years ago. The chaff the girls were subjected to was something to remember, but it is astonishing what an amazing lot they can swallow! I don't mean what they have to hand behind the bar, but the chaff of the gentry in front of them; and if they couldn't do this, what good would they be to their employers? Very little indeed. I have had much to do with barmaids in all kinds of places, and frankly admit, that considering the temptations constantly surrounding them, it is surprising they come

out of the ordeal as they do. I don't know a more trying occupation for a young girl fresh from home than that of a barmaid.

The "Bloomer" boom didn't last long. Ladies of fashion didn't take to it, and at last even "E. T.'s" barmaids had enough of it—it died a natural death. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" our friend had got what he called a *giant.* This poor object was certainly nearly seven feet in height, but lean to a degree. When he scaled I should have felt inclined to lay three to one he didn't touch ten stone, clothing thrown in. But if "E. T." failed in the giant, he didn't in the *fat* woman. She was a genuine article—nineteen years of age and twenty-eight stone in weight! I never saw her stand up. I should say she sat in that huge easy-chair behind the bar from the time the house opened in the morning at eight till it closed at night at twelve. At any rate, go to the "Red Lion and Ball" when you would, there was the "fairy" always present. A man of great resource was "E. T."

AT DRURY LANE.

My first experience of Drury Lane Theatre was on Boxing Night, 1856. I was then a P.C., and was "told off" for the upper or sixpenny gallery. Unlike the present day, much was expected from the Police on duty. It was not only necessary to be responsible for good order, but to make oneself useful generally, and this is how I had to do it. A huge and noisy crowd had collected in Vinegar Yard, outside the upper gallery door, the pressure on said door being tremendous. Directly the word "go" was given, my duty was to raise two bolts from the stone-work and let the audience in. This was much easier said than done. The pressure was so great on the night in question, that I found it quite impossible to lift the bolts from their sockets; but, wait-

ing my opportunity, and when the pressure went off, I let go, and it was then a case of "the devil take the hindmost." What a rush! Although I did three steps at a bound, it only just enabled me to get to the barrier at the money-taker's box by the skin of my teeth, or rather by my coat-tails. What a seething mass of humanity was below me! What shrieks, struggles, &c., took place, and all for the one thing—who should occupy the front seat in the gallery on Boxing Night. At last, not only the front seat, but all the others were occupied in a very brief space of time, and with the boards out "House full," one had time to turn things over. I went into the upper regions to *see to things.* What a sight! and what an atmosphere! I really do think that the authorities ought to be compelled to provide assistance with mops and buckets to give the adventurous ones a pleasant *cooler.* The temperature must have been somewhere about ninety degrees, the ventilation being very imperfect in those days.

Every one knows the ordinary routine of a theatre, so there is no necessity to describe it here. I was with "E. T." at the "Lane" till 1862, both as P.C., P.S., and inspector. We got on very friendly terms, and thoroughly understood each other. In the latter year he entered into an engagement with

MR. CHARLES KEAN

to play for a few weeks; the pieces selected for performance being *The Wife's Secret* and *Louis the Eleventh.* At this time there was no doubt that the great actor was on the wane. He became nervous to a degree, would have the sides built in to avoid a draught, and got list slippers for all the stage *employés.* One night, when playing in *Louis the Eleventh,* and just before he had to go on in the dying scene, "E. T." sent for me in a tremendous hurry, and said he could do nothing with "Charles," he thought he had "gone off his nut." I asked him what I could do in the matter.

He said: "Mr. Kean is under the impression there is a child in one of the galleries, and until its removal he won't go on; go into his dressing-room and convince him that he is mistaken." I saw Mr. Kean, and explained to him the fact that children in arms were not admitted to the theatre. This seemed to infuriate him; he asked me if I didn't think he knew what he was talking about. I assured him, in the most respectful manner, that I did, but that in the noise of conversation, &c., in the theatre he might be mistaken. I thought he was going to have a fit. He stamped his foot and asked me to see that the squalling one was put out of the place, or he would leave the theatre. I saw "E. T.," who was waiting outside the door, and explained the situation to him. He decided immediately. "Go up to the gallery, stay a few minutes, and see him again, and say you found the 'kid' and had it put out. I explained the awkward position this would place me in; but was at once met by the remark: "Don't you see the condition

I'm in—here's the audience clamouring for him to go on—he won't see me—will you do me this turn?" I did it. The old actor took hold of my hand, placed a nice present in it, thanked me most profusely, went on, and never died better. The affair ended by "E. T." and myself adjourning to the saloon, where we became faster friends than ever. (I may here mention that Mr. Smith was one of the original superintendents of the Metropolitan Police on its formation. He was the son of an admiral.) He put on some splendid pantomimes, notable amongst them being one entitled *The House that Jack Built*, about 1861. This was when the late Sergeant Ballantine was one of his best supporters, and when Nelly Howard played "Jack." No prettier pantomime was ever put on the stage. His principal lieutenants at this time were Joe Lewis, the treasurer and secretary, and "Jimmy" Stride, who looked after the front of the house.

Of course every one knew "Jimmy" Stride and his highly polished "beaver." Leave him

alone for a minute or two at any time, and out came the silk handkerchief to touch it up. He also had a very ready method of "doctoring" it with the sleeve of his coat, and at last gained for himself the *sobriquet* of the "Tipper Off." Another celebrity at this place was D'Arcy, afterwards secretary at the Oxford. On one occasion one of the gentlemen holding a high position at the "Yard" informed me he would like to go behind the scenes at the "Lane" during the pantomime, but that he didn't wish to come in contact with that *horrid fellow Smith.* This last remark was an awkward one, for go where you would at the theatre, particularly behind the curtain, and for a certainty you were bound to plump up against him or *vice versâ.* I told Mr. C. Y. it should be all right, and that I would take every care he should not meet "E. T." In the early part of the evening I asked Mr. Smith for a stall, which he gave me, and while talking to him, under the dome, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Y. came in. I saw at once the

fat was in the fire, for "E. T." going to him gave him a rousing slap on the back, saying, "Well, Charley, my boy, your inspector here says you want to see my girls; come along with me and I'll show you everything"—and, suiting the action to the word, he put his arm inside the other's, and was walking him off, when Mr. Y. made a determined stand, and said he was simply going to enjoy himself in the stalls. I appealed to "E. T." (on the quiet) not to go too far, as it might be very unpleasant for me; so, letting go, I accompanied Mr. Y. to his stall, he impressing upon me the great necessity of keeping the noisy one at arm's length. After the first piece (a farce) I went to Mr. Y. and took him on the stage; he had just begun to take very great interest in all he saw, and I was able to explain; when, like a flash of lightning, "E. T." emerged from one of the wings, and, taking hold of the old gentleman, lugged him into the Green Room and flopped him down between "Jack" and himself. The look of alarm on the poor old

fellow's countenance was something to remember. He beckoned me to go to him, which I of course did—although in uniform. He implored me not to leave him; Mr. S., in the meanwhile taking from a cupboard a bottle of champagne, and was in the act of opening it, when a messenger announced Lord Ranelagh—a great friend of the manager's. Apologizing for his absence for a few minutes, he left the Green Room, giving Mr. Y. the chance he so much wished for. Bolting from the apartment, he never stopped until he got outside the theatre, vowing he would never enter the place again, and that he would see me in the morning!

While at Drury Lane, Sir R. Mayne sent for me one morning and showed me a letter that had been sent to him by Chatterton, the then manager to Mr. Edmund Falconer (right name O'Rourke), the lessee of the Lyceum Theatre. It was to the effect that, when a certain lady appeared to go through her dance after *Peep o' Day Boys* had been performed—unless she

consented to become the wife of the writer—he would shoot her the instant she came on the stage. Sir Richard ordered me to take every precaution and report to him the following morning. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Smith, who allowed me to go to the Lyceum, and stay there the whole of the evening. I saw Mr. Falconer in his dressing-room—he sent for Chatterton and the lady. We had a long conversation on the subject. I asked the lady who the writer of the letter was. She said she didn't know, but she felt sure that when she went on the stage she would lose her life. I pointed out to her that she must be aware who the writer was, otherwise I should be obliged to look upon the whole thing as a hoax. She persisted in her denial as to a knowledge of the writer, so all I had to do was to take every precaution, and if the fellow endeavoured to carry out his threat to capture him. I had a strong force in uniform and plain clothes. Every exit was well guarded, and the plain-clothes men placed among the audience.

Peep o' Day came to a finish, and preparations were made for Miss —— to go on, but she positively declined. I was on the stage with Mr. Falconer and Chatterton, and assured her there was nothing to fear; but it was not until the audience began to get very noisy that we could induce her to start. At last she bounded on to the stage, but only for an instant, being seized with a violent attack of hysterics. Chatterton ordered the curtain to be dropped, while Miss —— was brought round. The clamour continuing, Chatterton went to the foot-lights, explained all the circumstances, and got a tremendous amount of applause, mingled with cries of "Lynch him!" &c., &c. Miss —— came too, and was induced to go on, the scene being indescribable. She never danced like it in her life, and when the curtain fell had to go before it over and over again. Was it a hoax? I thought so, and reported to the Commissioner accordingly.

A CASE FOR THE SESSIONS FROM THE "LANE."

One night during the pantomime season "E. T." sent for me and introduced a gentleman who said he had been swindled. I requested particulars, which were as follows: He said, "My name is Sir ——, I am a magistrate and Lord-Lieutenant of the County of ——. Seeing 'Box Office for Drury Lane Theatre' marked up, I went in and asked for a ticket. The man wanted to know what part I preferred. I informed him a seat in the best part of the house. He said he could let me have one in a good private box for a guinea. I said that would do. He gave me the ticket I am showing you. On presenting it at the theatre, I was shown to the upper boxes, the two shilling part. I asked for the manager,

who is here. I have been to the man for the return of nineteen shillings, but he declines to give me back one farthing, or to give me a better seat. I wish to charge him with obtaining money by false pretences. If you'll take him I'll charge him."

I had a chat with "E. T." on the subject, and explained that it was a delicate case, and required careful handling. He said he had lost so much by cases of this kind, and from this particular office, that he should support the Bart.; and not only this, but would pay all expenses if they even came to £50. I asked them to accompany me to the man's office. I asked him why he refused to let the gentleman have his money, as it was clearly obtained by false pretences. In the coolest possible manner he told me to mind my own business, remarking that he knew *his* perfectly well. As I could do nothing with him, and Sir —— insisted upon charging him, I took him to Bow Street, leaving a P.C. in charge of his place.

The inspector on duty was an old stager,

and one of the most experienced men in London. He soon threw a damper upon the whole affair; said the man was wrongly in custody, and that trouble would come out of it, as the magistrates at Bow Street always wished these kind of cases to be proceeded with by summons. I saw Inspector Mackenzie in his private room, endeavoured to explain to him that I never knew a worse case of extortion, but to no purpose, he was inflexible, and referred us to the magistrate for a summons. "E. T.," Sir ——, and myself held a consultation, which resulted in our seeing Mr. Corrie, the sitting magistrate, in the morning. He took our view of the case, granted a warrant to be executed forthwith, and sent the man for trial to the Middlesex Sessions, where he was sentenced to three months' hard labour, and bound over to be of good behaviour for the future. So much for Mr. Mackenzie's knowledge of the law. Had matters turned out differently, it might have been very awkward for me. As it was, I gained a feather.

In these days it was "E.T.'s" custom, after the pantomime had run a month or so, to precede it by something really good in the way of farce, comedy, drama, or tragedy, as in the case of Mr. Charles Kean, just mentioned. (What about the pantomimes of Sir Augustus Harris, which now run till Easter without a break ?) He used to put on G. V. Brooke, Creswick, and many other leading men of the day, and spared no expense. To the best of my recollection, he was the lessee of the theatre when a two-nights' benefit was given at the "Lane" to Mr. Lumley, the celebrated impresario of Her Majesty's. I forget the year, but it must be well in the recollection of the opera-goers of the day, who cannot help calling to mind that Piccolomini came from Italy specially to sing for her old chief, and appeared in *Traviata*, although by this time looking anything like the consumptive, the part she created at the old house ; in fact, she was very fat. This two-nights' benefit brought Mr. Lumley a very large sum, all his old *habitués* standing well by him. (I shall

speak presently of Mr. Lumley at his old house.)

Shortly after the "Sessions Case" the "Lane" changed hands, "E. T." disposing of the lease to Falconer, who made some £30,000 at the Lyceum out of *Peep o' Day Boys*. It would have been a good thing for Falconer if he had remained at the Lyceum, for his tenure at Drury Lane was very short; he soon came to grief there. I remember the last Saturday night he was there. The stage-carpenter and others were clamouring for their week's salary, and threatened to make known to the audience the condition of affairs. Mr. Falconer sent for me, and assured me he had given the foreman a cheque for £100 in the middle of day, but that he wasn't to be found anywhere; and that one of the men had made himself very obnoxious by threatening to go on the stage and address the audience. I asked him to point this man out; he did so. I saw immediately he was drunk, and a bullying kind of fellow. I explained to

him the proper course to pursue under the circumstances, but to no purpose; he began to shout and create a disturbance, so I sent him to the station, the magistrate on Monday letting him go with a caution. I was very sorry for poor Falconer, who was one of the kindest men living. He was succeeded by his manager, F. B. Chatterton, who also came to grief there.

MR. SMITH AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Mr. Smith ran three of the most important places of entertainment at one time, viz., Drury Lane, Her Majesty's, and the Alhambra. This was, I think, in 1860. I shall only touch upon one here, and that is the Alhambra. To the best of my recollection he sublet the place to Howes and Cushing as a circus; and who, up to that time, ever saw a better? I didn't.

This was when the cleverly trained mules "Barney" and "Pete" performed. The clowns would bring the mules into the ring, expatiate upon their splendid achievements, and indulge in the usual banter. One would say to the other, "Do you want to buy a splendid animal, the finest jumper in the world?" The other would ask, "What can he do?" "Well, he can jump twenty-nine feet,

eleven inches and three-quarters." "What, up?" "No, *down*." And so it went on. After the banter, one of the clowns offered a sovereign to any one who could ride "Barney" once round the circus without being thrown. Instantly a rush was made into the ring by some thirty or forty from the audience, but I never saw one get the sovereign. The animal, the instant he was mounted, would tuck his head between his forelegs, turn himself completely over, and continue this until he got rid of his *rider*. This was the crack turn of the performance. To fill in his time he engaged an American preacher on Sunday nights, *admission free*, and while the Yankee was "holding forth," the bars ran. The place was crowded by the usual Argyle and Casino frequenters, but was too good to last. Clever as "E. T." was, this was too much for the authorities, who very soon put a stop to the lucrative business. Now, I only want to ask at this point, "*Could you possibly find two E. T. Smiths?*" But I've not done with him yet. I shall deal with him

in connection with Her Majesty's when writing of that theatre. In the meantime we have to come to his lesseeship of

Highbury Barn and Cremorne Gardens.

Here was a change from opera, drama, tragedy, and pantomime! But he was equally at home at this class of entertainment.

Cremorne Gardens, rather than Highbury Barn, was the place "E. T.'s" name was first identified with, and to this locality I shall confine my remarks. The Gardens had been in the hands of Mr. Simpson for many years, and under his management were conducted to the entire satisfaction of the licensing authorities and those residing in the neighbourhood; but after Mr. Smith's occupation a change gradually took place in the public mind as to the desirability of continuing such places of public resort. There is no doubt "E. T." made the Gardens go with a *bang*, as he did everything else; and as the licences had

been taken away from the Casino and the Argyle Rooms, attention was directed to the putting down of old Cremorne. The scenes enacted there late at night were no doubt sufficient to make the hair of the straitlaced stand up in horror, not to speak of the disorderly and disreputable scenes that constantly took place outside after the entertainments were over. The neighbours, now largely augmented since Mr. Simpson's time, began to agitate for the suppression of the Gardens; a prominent clergyman or two lent their aid to the movement; a portion of the Press joined in, coupled with a determined stand on the part of a few of the Middlesex magistrates, and at last in 1877 the final closing took place, and Cremorne Gardens were no more. The poor old fellow didn't long survive this last break. It was about his last big boom. Of course he couldn't stop working, and continued pegging away till the finish. I'm afraid his personal estate didn't amount to £100,000.

I was almost forgetting his occupany of

Astley's Theatre,
with Adah Isaacs Menken as "Mazeppa."

I doubt if the old showman was more at home at any of his numerous ventures than he was at Astley's when he engaged the celebrated American Jewess, Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, to perform the part of "Mazeppa." As the fair one, strapped to the back of the *fiery, untamed* steed, swept with lightning speed across the stage, the audience knew no bounds. Shouts from all parts of the house compelled her to traverse the wilds of the Ukraine over and over again, until, proving she was still in the land of the living—notwithstanding the efforts of the wolves to masticate her—she would come on hand-in-hand with the great "E. T." to receive the plaudits of the audience. The house was crammed nightly for a considerable time.

I think I may now take my farewell of this really extraordinary man. I have endeavoured

to give my readers much information respecting him that I thought it likely they didn't possess, and hope I have succeeded in pleasing and entertaining them.

Although his exterior was not of the refined order, and his language and manners might not on all occasions be highly acceptable to the fastidious, he had behind it all a generous heart. On many an occasion when one or another of his hands was down with sickness, he would ask me to call at the man's home to make inquiries, and if it was a worthy case, a parcel of home necessaries accompanied by the week's salary was forwarded to the family. Peace to the ashes of E. T. Smith!

P.S.—I omitted to mention that while in possession of the Alhambra and shortly after the fight between Sayers and Heenan, "E. T." presented each with a costly championship belt, at, I think, entirely his own expense. There was a rare muster on this occasion.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA

Under Mr. Benjamin Lumley, Mr. E. T. Smith, and Mr. J. H. Mapleson.

In speaking of Her Majesty's Opera, I am not alluding to the building now (at the time of writing) being demolished, but to the old house, which was burned down in December, 1867.

I had the misfortune to witness this sad occurrence, and assure you the regret I felt is more than I can here explain. There was something very fascinating about the old place. Whether it referred to the glories of the house in connection with the great artists, who for so many years gave delight to the many thousands of subscribers and visitors, or to the air of comfort always pervading the place, I am unable to say. I only know that on a

great night—and, as a rule, they were mostly *great* nights—and when the house was packed to its fullest capacity, no grander sight could possibly be imagined than it presented. There were 197 boxes—no circles in those days—stalls, pit, amphitheatre, and gallery; and when on the opening night "God save the Queen" was being sung, and all were upstanding, the sight was magnificent, due, to a great extent, to the very large number of boxes in the house.

My connection with the establishment extended from 1857 to 1863 inclusive, and of this period I am in a position to write.

Mr. Lumley was, of course, the guiding star, but he had behind him a splendid help, at all times, in Mr. Charles Nugent, who was connected with the theatre for the long period of forty years. Others included Mr. Sloman, who, on the stage, was here, there, and everywhere in connection with the machinery, &c., &c. He, too, had been many years at the theatre.

When I first went to the place such artists as Alboni, Piccolomini, and Belletti were those

I most clearly call to mind. But shortly afterwards I had the good fortune to witness, on their first appearances at the theatre, Titiens, Trebelli, Giuglini, Bettini, and Santley. What names! and what work they did! I suppose very few now call to mind Mdme. Alboni. If they do, they will acknowledge that no finer or purer contralto voice belonged to a human being. Mdme. Alboni was very stout, and caused much merriment at times by the dresses she was compelled to wear in certain characters.

Here is an instance. When appearing as the Page in *Lucrezia Borgia*, in consequence of the stoutness before mentioned, she was compelled to wear her tunic to her ankles, which provoked much merriment on the stage.

Of course she knew what caused the laughter, but, jolly soul as she always was, would join in it, until she had to sing the drinking song, "Il segreto"; and no one ever sang it as she did. Very little was thought of the stoutness of the lady then. Her grand voice electrified every one, and over and over again she had to respond.

About the finest quartet in *Lucrezia Borgia* I ever witnessed was that composed of Alboni, Titiens, Giuglini, and Belletti.

It won't do to pass over Mademoiselle Piccolomini, who, I should say, was Mr. Lumley's trump card for more years than one. She created her part in *Traviata;* and when this opera was performed, as it was very frequently, it always drew a big house. Again, with Belletti as the old Sergeant in *The Daughter of the Regiment*, she was a great favourite, no one surpassing her in the character she assumed. It was played almost as frequently as any other opera. We don't hear it very frequently now; it seems almost to have died out.

It was not to opera alone that Mr. Lumley looked for support; it was always supplemented by ballet; and my impression is that almost as many came for the latter as for the former. At any rate, the fact remains that almost the whole of the audience remained to the finish—and why not, when he supplied the very best talent the world possessed?

The new artists very quickly took hold of the *habitués* of the old house, and helped to raise the drooping fortunes of the lessee.

An Incident on the Stage.

Titiens had been at the theatre for some considerable time, and of course became a tremendous favourite.

A certain gentleman who had been one of Mr. Gye's most substantial supporters, but who transferred his patronage to Her Majesty's, was completely carried away by the singing and acting of the great prima donna. She was performing in *Norma* one night, and on this occasion threw all her previous efforts into the shade. I was standing by the side of the stage talking to the fireman—an old fellow who had been as long at the theatre as any one—when I received a nudge from him. He asked me to watch the gentleman referred to. I did so, and saw that his whole mind was concentrated upon Titiens' performance. He kept shouting "Brava, brava!" until he

shouted himself hoarse, clapping his hands all the while. As the great actress came off after her immense effort, and amidst the applause of the huge audience, down flopped the infatuated one on his knees, kissing, in the presence of all on the stage, the hand of his adored one.

I have seen a good many sights on the stage, but never saw any one go so far as did the wealthy seceder from Covent Garden. The old fireman drily remarked: "Don't you think, if I did my duty, that I should turn the hose on him?" All he got for his pains was a pat on the head from the actress.

Towards the latter portion of his career Mr. Lumley, at the end of the regular season, gave a supplementary one at cheap prices. The second season lasted for about a month, and as a rule was a success, although in the last years of his lesseeship I should say he had all his work cut out to keep things going. He also introduced Madame Ristori the great Italian tragedienne, who commanded the greatest success.

He was, however, succeeded by the ever active and ubiquitous E. T. Smith. Why shouldn't "E. T." have a go at it? He carried on Italian opera with the same artists for a season or two, but identified himself more with English opera in the autumn of 1860, when he introduced, on a grand scale, Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, with the following cast:—

Mr. Sims Reeves,
Mr. Chas. Santley,
Madame Lemmens Sherrington,
Madame Patey,
Mr. George Honey, &c.

The opera went with a "bang," and drew splendid houses for a considerable time; but Mr. Smith, like his predecessor, had played his part, and had to give way to

Mr. J. H. Mapleson.

Mr. Mapleson commenced his lesseeship in 1862—the Exhibition year—having as next

door neighbour at the Bijou Theatre Mr. Charles Mathews, who, with Mrs. Charles Mathews (Mrs. Davenport), gave an entertainment entitled "Home." I don't know that C. M.'s performance interfered with the success of the opera in any way, but much inconvenience was caused by both audiences being admitted at the one entrance.

Mr. Mapleson having, like Mr. Lumley, Mr. Charles Nugent for his right-hand man, soon got to work, and while I was at the theatre was most successful. Titiens, Alboni, Trebelli, Sinico, Sims Reeves, Giuglini, Mongini, Belletti, Santley, and Gassier were a few of the many artists engaged by him. I think and feel it would be out of place for me to attempt to criticize any of the performances, but I can't allow the production of *Faust* to pass without a special word. To the best of my recollection, Mr. Mapleson produced it in 1863, and ran it, I should say, for a dozen *consecutive* nights, much to the dismay and annoyance of a certain number of his subscribers.

But what success it met with! Each night the house was packed, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. How could it be otherwise? (Throughout the whole of this work I am relying entirely upon memory, this I wish my readers most distinctly to understand). The cast included Titiens, Giuglini, Trebelli, Santley, and Gassier. Could this be beaten?

There's no doubt the opera was, so to speak, "hurried up" to prevent Mr. Gye "getting in front." By the time he started it, Her Majesty's had "taken the cake," and continued to do so, for the "run" was a long one. It was simply a race between two well-known "cracks." I had been with Mr. Mapleson for two seasons as the inspector from Scotland Yard, and after the termination of the season at Her Majesty's in 1863 went to the Holborn Casino, afterwards called the National Assembly Rooms.

But before taking my final leave of the old house, I had better give a line or two on a special

matter that came under my notice. There is no doubt that Giuglini was, more or less (the latter for choice), weak-headed. He was a grand tenor, but a poor actor. Had it not been for the splendid acting powers of Titiens, who "pulled him out of his shell," he would have remained a walking stick. Unfortunately the poor fellow became infatuated with a certain lady who frequented the opera at the time, and, before long, went "right off his head."

There was one other tenor Mr. Mapleson introduced, and that was Mongini. Mongini was a marvel! His voice was of the robust kind, something similar to that of Sims Reeves in his younger days, but it was said by old stagers that he had no proper control over it. Be that as it may, I only know that I never heard a grander or more powerful tenor organ than Mongini's, and often wonder why he didn't make his permanent mark in London. Mr. Mapleson did some wonderful work at the old house, and certainly deserved the thanks of the public for his grand and liberal catering.

A TRIP TO MARGATE ON BOARD THE "PRINCE OF WALES," 1863.

It was the custom for many of the actors and their friends to run down to Margate on Sundays for a blow. We went by way of Fenchurch Street and Thames Haven (not as now, *viâ* Tilbury), meeting the popular and cheery Captain Targett, of the "Prince of Wales," at the former station.

Targett was undoubtedly the right man in the right place. When he had an evening off he spent it with me at Her Majesty's, or at one of the other principal theatres. He knew all the leading actors, and was on the best of terms with them.

On one particular Sunday, on the arrival of the train at Thames Haven, it was evident we had more than our usual cargo of "theatricals,"

foremost amongst them being J. L. Toole, Paul Bedford, Harry Widdicombe, &c.

Targett, after "letting go," and seeing all was safe to the Nore, came down from his "perch," and soon made the little party snug in one of the deck cabins. Chaff, anecdote, by-play, and so on soon became the order of the day, or rather voyage.

Many a *smart* one was told on this occasion, especially by Widdicombe, who seemed to be in rare "form." We had got to about Herne Bay when we found the celebrated old "Eagle" from London Bridge gaining on us. Targett was urged over and over again to put an extra shovelful on so that we might get to the Jetty first, but to no purpose.

He said he was going at highest pressure then, and if he were only to put on a small lump neither of the gentlemen who had to appear on the morrow would be able to fulfil their engagements. This quieted the energetic ones, with one exception, and that was Widdicombe. Seeing another of the Company's boats

coming in the opposite direction, he inquired of Targett her name.

"Oh!" said Targett, "that's the 'Sir Walter Raleigh.'" "The what?" said Widdicombe, with emphasis. "*The* 'Sir—Walter—Raleigh,'" repeated Targett, drawling it out. "Oh, it is, is it?" said the witty comedian. "Then *Bacca-Stopper.*"

Instantly there were three cheers for Widdicombe, who in consequence had to do the *honours* of our little table forthwith. His good joke cost him something.

On arrival at the Jetty we were met by the popular "Tipper Off," Mr. James Stride. I believe this was the only occasion I had ever seen "James" without his highly polished "beaver." In its stead he had on a very small straw hat with blue ribbon, a nautical suit—blue jacket, with brass anchored buttons, white yachting trousers, and white canvas shoes, carrying a cane *à la masher*. The instant Widdicombe caught sight of him it was all "U.P." with decorum. "By so and so,

Jimmy, you do look the real Cheddar," &c., &c., &c., until a crowd assembled round "James," wondering who he was and where he came from.

This continued for some time until "Jimmy," losing all patience, told the merry one not to be a —— fool, as he had got his family down with him. Widdicombe would only let him off on one condition, and that was that he should take us all to the "Hoy." This Jimmy consenting to do, the crowd dispersed.

NOTE.—I wish Mr. W. H. Combes, of the *Entr'acte*, had been present on this very memorable occasion, so that he might have witnessed the predicament his friend "Jimmy" Stride was in; but it is doubtful if Mr. Combes made excursions to Margate in those days.

A SCENE ON RAMSGATE SANDS.

My time at Margate was very short, as I had promised to meet a few inspectors from the "Yard," who were spending a holiday at Ramsgate. So, bidding good-bye to my Margate companions, I was off to the latter place. On my arrival I was met by Eccles, O'Loghlen, and Martin. We immediately adjourned to the Police office, where our old friend Superintendent Pritchard (Harbour Police) was ready to enter any proper charge brought before him by his doughty constables. After congratulations, and an invitation to tea before my departure, Eccles, O'Loghlen, Martin, and myself adjourned to the sands to spend a happy afternoon, and to take in a little ozone—certainly nothing stronger, I assure you.

The tide being out, we strolled to the edge

of the "briny," sniffing in all we could get to do us good for the continuance of our London business, when suddenly a terrific splash was heard, and on looking round I saw that Eccles —who, as before stated, couldn't keep quiet under any circumstances—had run Martin from behind into the sea to just above his knees. Some people say that you may stay in sea water in your clothes all day long, and that you can never "catch cold," and that it is sure to do you good; but this wasn't Martin's idea, for he was out of the water like a grasshopper and after Eccles all over the sands—about the very best thing he could do under the circumstances, and he came back with his unmentionables as dry as if they had been in an oven. We now made up our minds for a quiet sit down, prior to taking a nice cup of tea with Mr. Pritchard, who, I should previously have mentioned, had originally been a sergeant in the celebrated A division, and of course was "one of us." Martin selected a beautiful-looking arm-chair to repose in. The arm-chair

reposed in the sands up to half its legs' depth, and he was just about to do his "forty winks" in peace, when *the unquiet one* suggested a *pull back.* The picture presented to us was this: An awful rickety-looking arm-chair, a Scotland Yard inspector occupying it, taking into his system (unconsciously) a plentiful supply of ozone (you can get it at Ramsgate—no charge for this advertisement, my Ramsgate friends), with the placid appearance of one who had served his country "up to date." No picture was ever more perfect. The job had to be done, and done quickly, for he might awake at any moment. A *pull back,* and up in the air went the boots of the sleeper. But what about the chair? To our dismay the back of it reclined very peacefully on the sands, while we lifted the other portion with its human freight on to its legs. Before you could repeat the words "Mickey Malone," a tigress was on to us. She was attired in a blue dress with a girdle round her waist, and she wore, not a wreath of roses, but a bonnet, the shape of

the Salvation sisters, only about four times as large. Her complexion, considering that she was boiling with rage over her damaged article of furniture, was that so graphically described by the late Tom Hood, viz., "of the delicate hue of an unbaked muffin;" her teeth, or rather what she had left of them, chattered, but at last she was able to stutter out "Four-and sixpence." As my chums bolted after the *mishap*, I was left in an awful quandary. I saw I had to do with a virago of the first water, so putting on as meek a look as I possibly could, I asked her what the matter was.

This was enough. You should have seen her! She seemed to begin to swell, and at last blurted out, "I wants four-and-sixpence."

Probably a good many more besides this true specimen of the "Mother Gamp" species would like to get a similar amount, but I had been in London for some considerable time, and didn't like to part, more particularly as I began to take stock of the ornament.

I picked up the back to ascertain the cause of its parting with its other parts so easily, and was amused to find that it had only recently been stuck on with putty. I saw through the old girl's game at once.

This particular chair had been made to do duty for generations. It must have come to grief scores if not hundreds of times. The amount of putty expended upon it couldn't have exceeded a shilling throughout its career, so I offered this amount as compensation for the damage done. The fat was in the fire. She screamed out she would have her four-and-six (I wonder how many times she had got this sum !), collected an enormous crowd, and seeing a P.C. in the distance called to him. On this luminary reaching the spot he advised me in solemn tones to "pay up," or it would be "hot" for me.

I was certainly in an awkward predicament. Being an inspector of Police, and having to be at the "Yard" in the morning, I was at a loss what to do. I didn't want to be done,

and I didn't want to be lugged to the station by a bobby, so asked the "beauty" the lowest she would take. At this moment I saw Eccles with Mr. Pritchard approaching; he had only gone (seeing there was likely to be trouble) to fetch him, so all was quiet on the approach of the superintendent.

Having interrogated the old water-witch, and examined the chair, he quietly remarked: "This is about the twentieth time this game has taken place. Take your chair off the sands and never come here again." The old party asked me if I would let her have the shilling for the putty—but I had been in London *too* long.

ANDERSON, THE "WIZARD OF THE NORTH," AT THE LYCEUM.

(THE BURNING OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.)

My first connection with the Lyceum was when the "Wizard of the North" gave his legerdemain feats there. It will be remembered with reference to Anderson, the "Wizard," that on the occasion of his bal masqué at Covent Garden Theatre, in March, 1856, the house was burnt down.

As I stood upon the steps of the old Police station in Bow Street about five a.m. on the eventful day (the 5th), what a sight met my gaze! Masqueraders dressed as clowns, harlequins, columbines, pantaloons, soldiers, policemen, country lasses, barristers, judges, countrymen, swells (no "mashers" at that period), queens, kings, and all that go to make up a

bal masqué, came rolling out of the theatre pell mell. The scene was a grand but awful one! As fast as they were able, the Police kept on moving away to a safe distance the revellers in the night's orgie. With terror on their countenances, ladies of a particular walk in life, escorted by their cavaliers, who only a minute before had been footing it most merrily, ran screaming from the place.

The flames had taken almost immediate hold of the theatre, and in a very short time after the outbreak in went the roof. What a sight! I shall never forget it, nor the noise created by the falling in of everything disengaged from the walls.

The heat was terrific; the firemen, seeing there was no chance of saving the theatre, turned their attention to the buildings in Bow Street and Hart Street, and, of course, in due time had the fire under control. But what about the "Wizard"? Wizards are supposed to be enchanters, and to be capable at will of doing either good or evil. Had our friend the

"Wizard of the North" any evil designs on Covent Garden Theatre on the night of his bal masqué, or was it only an ordinary human accident? At this late date, who can tell?

Anderson didn't do much at the Lyceum, and, to my idea, was one of the poorest conjurors we have had. However, while at the Lyceum, a good story is told of him.

Next to the theatre was a tobacconist's. Into this one day Anderson went, and requested to be supplied with some good cigars. The gentleman behind the counter, only too delighted to do business, placed several boxes before him. The "Wizard," taking a cigar, asked for a light, which was at once handed to him; but, draw as he would, he couldn't get any smoke from it. He drew the attention of the tobacconist to it, who seemed surprised, and said it was an "Intimidad," and that he had never had a complaint before. Taking a knife from his pocket, Anderson slit the cigar from top to bottom, when out came a lot of sawdust. The tobacconist was petrified, and tried another,

and another, with the same result. At last, losing all patience, he declined to have his stock mutilated in this way, and informed his would-be customer he had had quite enough of him. The cigar merchant afterwards ascertained the "Wizard" was the joker.

Of all the conjurers I have had to do with in my time, I should say Anderson was about the poorest—in fact, "tin-pot." He had plenty of "cheek," but little "sleight-of-hand."

OPERA AT THE LYCEUM.

During the rebuilding of Covent Garden Theatre, after the fire, Mr. Gye transferred the "Royal Italian Opera" to the Lyceum. The first opera I saw there was *La Favorita*, with Grisi, Mario, Graziani, &c., in the cast. It made a great impression upon me.

I had been a chorister in a church choir, and the scene in the cloister quite carried me away. This was the first time I had heard Mario. Although I frequently read that he was not as he used to be, &c., &c., to me, he was simply charming.

This was in 1857, and before I had heard Giuglini at Her Majesty's. Mario, of course, had been singing for many years, whereas Giuglini was perfectly fresh. Putting aside the vocal merits of either artist, what about

the acting part of the business? *Two* were "not in it." One simply, and of course that one was Mario. What a presence! and what an impression he made! If his voice at this period was really failing, how he made up for it by the way he carried things through!

Besides the artists just mentioned, there were Tamberlik, Didier, Gardoni, Zelger, Ronconi, Formes, Tagliafico, Madame Tagliafico, and one or two more whose names I forget, notably the lady who took such parts as Violetta in *Traviata*, *Lucia*, &c. Her name has just come to me—Madame Bosio. What a voice! But I suppose her name is almost forgotten.

She was *the* Violetta of her day. She looked it and performed it to the life—or rather to the death—for she died soon afterwards, of consumption! How often she must have rehearsed the part which ultimately ended *so naturally*.

The late Augustus Harris was the stage manager.

"JIMMY" STRIDE IN TROUBLE.

During the opera season at the Lyceum, "Jimmy" kept a ticket office on one side of the entrance in Wellington Street, and his friend Mr. B. one on the other side. Although friends, they, of course, were rivals in business. One evening—a very warm one—"Jimmy" didn't look as Widdicombe had described him —"the real Cheddar"—on the contrary, he looked gloomy and sulky, while his friend on the other side of the portico was all smiles and affability.

The secret was this. "B." had "sold out" in the early part of the evening, whereas "Jimmy" hadn't had a single "line." Had Mr. B. only been wise enough "to keep himself to himself" all would have been well, but

he was so elated at having done a "good stroke," that he began to taunt "James" with having a few (tickets) left on hand. This so nettled the latter that he advised the other to keep at arm's length, or he might repent it. But Mr. B. wasn't to be got rid of so easily; he very imprudently went straight to Stride's box and began to chaff him. The latter could stand it no longer, so, hitting out, he caught his tormentor on the nose. The latter, nothing loath, took his part well, until in a few minutes they fought like tigers. I did all I could to separate them, but to no avail, and at last, with the aid of Dick Tanner, previously mentioned, lodged the pair in Bow Street.

I was very sorry to be obliged to do this, but there was no help for it, as the "setting down" was in full swing, and an immense crowd had assembled. However, they were soon bailed out, and as little as possible being said in the morning, they were discharged with

a caution. I said I would mention something about "Jimmy" Stride that would interest his old friend Mr. W. H. Combes, of the *Entr'acte*. This was the bit "up the sleeve."

ENGLISH OPERA AT THE LYCEUM.

At the end of the Italian season, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. William Harrison took the theatre for English Opera, and did remarkably well.

The Rose of Castille was the opera they did best with.

The public taste at this period seemed to run in the direction of English Opera (very different to now). Balfe was at his best, and introduced opera after opera in rapid succession. After the very successful season at the Lyceum, the "Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company" transferred their patronage to

THE NEW COVENT GARDEN THEATRE,

which was opened with the opera of *Satanella*. Balfe, the composer, to the best of my recollection, conducted the opera. Besides Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, the company comprised Susan Pyne, Parepa, George Honey, Ferdinand Glover, Patey (tenor), Corri, &c.

The new theatre, no doubt from motives of curiosity to see the building, as well as the desire to witness the opera, was crammed nightly for a considerable time, and proved a source of wealth for some years to the enterprising promoters, but, as in the ordinary course of things where English Opera is concerned, ended in disastrous failure; but not until it had been tried for some years, probably longer than English Opera had been "run" at any other house.

As I have already touched upon Italian Opera at the Lyceum and at Her Majesty's,

there is no necessity for me to do so in the case of Covent Garden, as the same artists performed there who previously were at the Lyceum. Eccles was the inspector (evening dress) at the "Garden," while Her Majesty's fell to my share (evening dress also).

A SATURDAY NIGHT INCIDENT IN WHITEHALL.

On the termination of our labours at the operas Eccles and myself happened to meet "quite promiscuously" outside the "Clarence," at the corner of the "Yard." We were on our way to King Street station to report ourselves in the usual way, when our attention was drawn to an old lady, who by the great kindness of the proprietor of the "Clarence" had been permitted to sell "trotters" outside his establishment for a quarter of a century. On the occasion in question—probably for the first time in her life—she was evidently overcome, so much so that she was reclining gracefully on the trotters, but in a perfectly helpless condition. Having known the "old party" for many

years, like good Samaritans we sat her up straight, and soon brought her round.

What an astonishing thing instinct is! Without a moment's delay she commenced to pick up the trotters one by one, wipe them very carefully with her snowy-white apron, and then replace them in little penny sets as they had been before her attack of weakness, ready for the hungry ones who very soon would come rolling out of the "Clarence." Eccles asked me in a most innocent way if I had any idea what it was she had wiped off the trotters, but as my experience in London was very small, I advised him to "ask a p'liceman."

By the side of Mrs. Pepsine's trotter-stall stood a tin kettle. From its size I should say it contained from four to six gallons. We asked the old lady to whom it belonged. She replied, "To a *gentleman* who was having a drink inside," and that he had left it in her charge. Here was a chance for Eccles. Giving me one in the ribs, he said, "Now for a spree,"

and suiting the words to the action, he gave the kettle a kick which sent it flying down Whitehall. In an instant the owner of the vessel accompanied by a score of others were after us, but we had too good a start, and beat them easily at the finish. However, the owner wasn't to be got rid of so easily, and clamoured at the station door for admittance, saying he had seen two men run in the back way. It was no use, in the customary order of things he had to take his departure, a wiser, if a sadder,man. Moral. Don't leave tin kettles, no matter what their bulk, outside the "Clarence" approaching midnight on Saturdays.

THE ARGYLE ROOMS AND THE HOLBORN CASINO.

The Argyle Rooms and the Holborn Casino—afterwards called the "National Assembly Rooms"—flourished at the same time, and did a rare stroke of business.

The former is now the Trocadero Music Hall, under Mr. Sam Adams, and the latter the Holborn Restaurant, the large dining-hall being the old ball-room.

The Argyle Rooms.

These were kept by Mr. Robert Bignell, who was in possession for many years, and very popular. The place was looked upon by many as an actual necessity—the actual necessity meaning that it was far better for a particular

class to be hidden away from the public gaze than that they should flaunt themselves in public thoroughfares.

This view was taken not only by the general public, but by the gentlemen on the Bench at the Middlesex Sessions, who year after year granted the licence with scarcely an observation. But as time went on public opinion altered, and slowly but surely a change began to creep over even those who, only a short time before, were loudest in their protestations that the place was a necessary evil. A portion of the justices, led by Major Lyon, caught the infection, and at last the licence, held for so many years without a rebuke, was finally refused, and the rooms closed for ever as a casino. What consternation there was among the whole of the *habitués!* What were they to do now? Where to go to? My impression is that the closing of the Argyle and the Casino developed the music hall. For, considering that in 1879 (soon after the closing of the Argyle) there was only the London Pavilion Music Hall at the West

End, there are now four others, viz., the Trocadero, the Empire, the Alhambra, and the Tivoli. I am not counting the Oxford or the Royal, as they are far away from the very centre of attraction. Who will say that, had the Argyle and the Casino remained licensed, music halls would be so numerous or prosperous? I don't. My impression is that the closing of these and kindred places gave music halls their chance. Had they not been closed and remained the fashion, additional places of the kind would have been run, thus rendering unnecessary the gigantic strides made in the "Variety" line.

Well, going back to the old Argyle, considering its surroundings, no place was better conducted.

I'm not going to argue whether London is better or worse for the closing of the place, that I leave to others better able to judge; but I can safely say that, while I was on duty there, perfect order prevailed. Mr. Bignell left everything in the way of good order to the

Police, never interfering if a "rumpus" took place, which was very seldom.

As I was at the Holborn Casino very much longer than at the Argyle, I will confine my experiences to that establishment, which will answer for both.

The Holborn Casino (afterwards the National Assembly Rooms).

At this late date, how many remember the old National Assembly Rooms in Holborn? Diners go to enjoy themselves in the palatial building which, thirty years ago, was given over to those of the *light fantastic*.

The place originally was used as a swimming bath. Even now, from its formation, this is very evident. The *well* of the building was made use of for swimming and diving purposes, while the lounges round about were utilized in the way of boxes by the bathers. After a time the proprietor *took it into his head*—I don't mean the swimming-bath, but the idea that a little

dancing during the winter months might prove profitable. Consequently, he ran the baths during the summer and in the winter converted the place into a casino. Now what is a casino? I have just referred to my dictionary and am unable to find the word! That doesn't matter very much, for I can easily describe the place. The entrance was in Holborn, a few doors from Little Queen Street, exactly where the Holborn Restaurant entrance is at the present time. The pay-box was just inside on the right, the check-taker being exactly opposite. The charge, and the only one to all parts, being *one shilling*. On entering, the visitor was immediately in front of the ball-room, a very spacious place. The ball-room was reached by descending three steps, and was "flanked" on either side by promenades. At the end of the ball-room were "wings," leading to the wine-bars on both sides. Above were similar promenades, and the smoking and beer bars. No smoking was allowed in the ball-room, or on the promenades surrounding it. The Casino had no spirit licence. The only

licence was for wines and beer, and was held by a Free Vintner of the City of London.

I have taken the trouble to describe the place in this very accurate way, because a particular friend of mine, not quite so old as myself, informed me that, although he had been going there for years, the recollection of the place and its surroundings had passed out of his mind. I hope the foregoing description will refresh his memory, and be interesting to those who have never visited the establishment.

A word or two now to those who *do* remember the old place. I was there as the inspector on duty from 1863 to 1866, inclusive. Those who frequented the "Rooms" then cannot fail to call to mind that Mr. James Hedgman was the proprietor, and that Mr. William Turner was at his elbow to render all necessary assistance. Then there was the portly Mr. Packer, in frill-shirt-front *à la Jullien*, leading, or rather conducting, the orchestra of a dozen good performers; Mr. Purdy, the veteran M.C., and his assistants, Messrs. Mott and Page; Mrs.

Kean in charge of the wine box; Davis in charge of the cigar ditto; and last of all, Mr. William Smith, the manager, who loved to be styled, as every one did style him, "British William."

Mr. Hedgman was no ordinary man—very short, very stout, never smiling, fairly generous, but always wide-awake as to the preservation of his licence, about which—as the time for its renewal approached—he betrayed evident signs of nervousness. There wasn't much to be nervous about, for, as I said before, like the Argyle, at the period of which I am writing, scarcely an observation relating to either place escaped the Bench.

The class of persons frequenting the "Rooms" in Holborn was very different to those who visited the Argyle. At the latter place, bookmakers, officers in the Army, swells, and fashionable women were those who patronized Mr. Bignell; whilst tradesmen, City clerks, lawyers' ditto, &c., went to make up Mr. Hedgman's company. The women fre-

quenting this place belonged to a more *modest* station in life; so that, taken altogether, the Holborn Casino acquired the reputation of being a well-conducted establishment, where a man could take his country cousin without the slightest fear of contamination. I never took mine there, as I had to see to every one else.

One of the most welcome among the visitors was

Mr. Charles Bush.

This was the period when Mr. Bush was looked upon as a great man in certain London circles. He was a bookmaker and a backer of fighting and rowing men. He had a rather large surrounding, and when, on special occasions, he would look in, he was soon surrounded by a considerable company at his table in the corner of the wine-bar, the champagne flowing very freely. A good and generous customer was "Charley" Bush.

Much commotion and excitement prevailed at the old place at the time of the fight

between Heenan and King, the latter having for his backer Mr. B. Members of the "fancy" turned up in unusually strong numbers, but, unless to those in the "know," they went unrecognized by ordinary *habitués*. Besides, they always adjourned to Mr. B.'s "corner," and were completely out of the way.

We had a rare surprise one night by a visit from the coxswain and a portion of the crew of the boat which managed to get safely away from the ill-fated steamship "The London," which went down in the Bay of Biscay with G. V. Brooke and about 200 others. They had only recently arrived in London, and gave us a look in first.

They were made much of—Mr. Bush entertaining them well. Poor "Charley" Bush, like any number of others, "had his day," and spent his *evenings* at the "Oxford," a broken up and broken-hearted man.

He died about five years ago, always well liked and well spoken of.

Mabel Grey.

While I was at the Casino, the celebrated Mabel Grey put in an appearance. I don't know what she was celebrated for, except it was her jewellery and her brougham, both articles being of the most *rekerky* kind. Mabel at first patronized the Argyle, but, for some reason best known to herself, transferred her custom to the Holborn sanctum.

Mabel Grey's name was in every one's mouth at this period. Why, I couldn't understand. There was little more about her personal appearance than could be met with by scores in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus. But the secret was this: she happened to attract, as many thousands of her class have done before her, in all times, and as they are sure to do in the future, a wealthy young gentleman, who lavished—squandered is the better term—any amount of money upon her, and thus made her the celebrated woman she

was. Had it not been for this stroke of luck (?) she might have remained the unknown Miss King she was before her notoriety. She was the daughter of a commercial traveller.

Doesn't it seem strange how a seemingly sensible man, the "cutest of the cute," and who in a matter of business would "corner" you in an instant, is in another instant "bagged" by one of the Mabel Grey type!—and if, in after years, he is fortunate enough to shake her off, what a wreck, as a rule, he becomes! I have known hundreds of these cases, which have come under my personal knowledge. How many occur *daily* that we know nothing about!

An Aristocratic "Tiff" at the Casino.

One evening, just before good old Packer started the band, I was standing near the steps leading to the ball-room talking to one of the police constables on duty (I was in plain clothes), when two gentlemen, arm-in-arm,

came in. As they stood by the side of the P.C. one of them said: "By so and so, there they are!" I touched the P.C. on the arm and drew him on one side, telling him not to lose sight of these gentlemen, as I was sure there would be trouble.

When the gentleman made use of the above observation I looked in the direction his remarks tended. A slim young man, about twenty, or it may be a little more, was sitting on the left-hand side of the ball-room with a lady elegantly dressed. They were in close conversation when the gentlemen mentioned descended the steps, and, walking deliberately to the two who were seated, stopped immediately in front of them.

The near one taking off his left-hand glove, threw it in the face of the man who was with the lady, and muttered something that I couldn't catch. They then walked on. They were tall men, about six feet in height, while the one occupying the seat was much shorter—five feet seven. He immediately left

his seat and the lady, and spoke to the P.C., asking him if he had witnessed what had taken place. The P.C. replied in the affirmative, but said: "This is my inspector, sir; speak to him, please." He asked me to sit down, and he would tell me all about it.

He said: "Did you witness what occurred just now?" I informed him I did. "Well," he said, "what can I do under the circumstances?"

I informed him that as the P.C. and myself had witnessed the assault, he could either give him into custody or proceed by summons.

He said he would rather not do this, as he didn't wish it brought before the public. "Was there nothing else that could be done, as he felt insulted?" "Oh yes," I replied, "shall I turn him out." He hesitated, and then said, "The two men who came in just now are brother officers of mine. The one who insulted me was engaged to the young lady you see there, but he didn't fulfil his engagement, and she is now under my protection.

My name is ——; and that is why he has taken this advantage. I don't wish to act cowardly and to leave the place—will you see I am not again insulted?" Of course, this was my duty. I remained with him the whole of the evening, and at last saw him into a hansom; he promising to call and see me again—but he never did. He was *very* highly connected.

The Decanter and the Mirror.

It is astonishing how quickly the angry passions rise, and frequently with very serious results. I happened one evening to be sitting talking to my old friend Davis at the cigar-bar upstairs, when he drew my attention to a couple of well-dressed men, who were having an altercation respecting a lady who was not many miles away.

Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, one of them took from the table the decanter containing the wine they were drinking, and

hurled it at the head of the other, who ducked just in time to miss it, and to allow the mirror immediately behind him to get the *crack* instead. Of course I had him at once: the lady had the usual fit of hysterics. I sent for Mr. Hedgman, and asked him the value of the glass. "Twenty guineas," replied the little man. The one who took such very poor aim had only a "fiver" in his pocket. This he paid down, and gave a cheque for the balance. The cheque turned out right, but, of course, he was not admitted again.

We hadn't many upsets at the "Rooms," the most serious being the receipt of a bullet in the jaw by Davis from a revolver. However, it was no doubt accidental, and, as he was well compensated, little was said of the matter.

The Casino, taken altogether, was a very jolly place. Although it opened at 8.30 and closed at twelve punctually, there was plenty of time for fun. This generally reached its climax about eleven o'clock, when the dancing was in full swing. Old Purdy was a marvel.

Although nearly seventy years of age, he could "foot it" with the youngest. It was a perfect treat when there was a hand short for a quadrille to see the rush of the young ladies after Purdy. The old fellow came up to the scratch like a youngster of twenty, and, as a rule, danced them all out of breath. We had several bal masqués during the winter, but, as I have given a description of one in connection with the Lyceum, there is no necessity for repetition here.

Notwithstanding the great popularity of the place, like the Argyle it had to put up its shutters, the time having arrived for this class of amusement to terminate, but not before "Jimmy" Hedgman had made a large fortune.

It has just occurred to me what a large number of *Jimmies* I have had to mention throughout this work. They seem as numerous as those I saw in a shop in the Dials, where there were three rows of them on a board surmounted by a tin ticket having on

it "Warranted English." So were all of those whose names I have mentioned.

As previously stated, in referring to the Argyle there's no doubt that the closing of these places gave the music-halls their great chance.

THE OXFORD MUSIC HALL.

THE Oxford was opened by the veteran manager Mr. Charles Morton in March, 1861. A grand concert was given on the opening night, the artists comprising Santley, Parepa, Viotti Collins, Miss Poole, and Miss Russell, niece of the celebrated composer Mr. Henry Russell. Miss Russell remained at the Hall, under Mr. Morton's management, until the burning of the establishment in February, 1868, throughout the whole of the time giving selections from the principal operas, Italian and English. On the opening night she gave selections from *Il Trovatore.*

Mr. Morton's career has been a most remarkable one. When the *Daily Telegraph* some thirteen years ago described him as the "father of the music halls," the description

was of course strictly correct; but how ought he to be described now after such a long interval, and still actively at work? Verily the G.O.M. of the music-hall profession.

It is forty years since he opened the Canterbury—viz., in 1852. After the burning of the Oxford, in February, 1868, he immediately set to work to arrange a benefit for the sufferers by the fire. This took place at the Crystal Palace in the following month, and resulted in a sum of over £2,000 being distributed. The attendance on the occasion was the largest ever known for the time of year—upwards of 40,000 persons being present.

Mr. Morton then, about 1870, took possession of North Woolwich Gardens, and ran them most prosperously for a considerable period.

He afterwards came into possession of the Philharmonic Music Hall, which he converted into a theatre proper, producing *Geneviève de Brabant*, which had a successful three years' run.

He shortly afterwards—at the Gaiety—

brought out *Madame Angot*, with Emily Soldene and Annie Sinclair in the principal parts. This production was most successful; but the Gaiety being underlet, he was obliged to remove to the Opéra Comique for a period of some months; afterwards migrating to the Lyceum, under Mr. Bateman, where he performed most of Offenbach's operas; subsequently going to America with the same company. On returning from the States, he became manager for a period of ten years of the Alhambra, when it was licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. Afterwards, when it was formed into a Variety Theatre, he was once more appointed manager, and remained so for a period of seven years, leaving it to undertake the management of the Tivoli, which has prospered so remarkably under him.

Re-opening of the Oxford by Mr. Syers.

Mr. Robert Morris Syers, for some considerable time proprietor of the Strand Music Hall, now the existing Gaiety Theatre, re-opened the

Oxford in August, 1869, having for his musical director Mr. John Henry Jennings, afterwards for many years manager of the establishment.

The place had not been very long under Mr. Syers's sway before a tremendous row took place, the occasion being the benefit of the acting manager. This resulted in Mr. Syers being fined by Mr. Knox, the magistrate at Marlborough Street, in the sum of forty shillings, the place being looked upon by the authorities in the light of a disorderly house.

From this time, for a number of years, the licence was always more or less in jeopardy. Things went on in a rather unsatisfactory manner, until at last the Hall was burnt down for the second time in November, 1872. However, it was rebuilt, and again

Re-opened in March, 1873.

Things went on much in the same way as above mentioned till the death of Mr. Syers, which took place in June, 1876.

The place then passed into the Court of Chancery, trustees being appointed, with *Mr. J. H. Jennings as manager.* No man ever connected with a London music hall was placed in a position of so much difficulty. The previous character of the place, the suspicions of the authorities as to the likelihood of its being conducted in a proper manner, combined with the hostility of the Middlesex magistrates, headed by Major Lyon, surely was enough to throw a damper upon any manager as to the future of the Hall. But Mr. Jennings was a man not easily to be cowed when once he made up his mind to have everything right and straight.

He immediately placed himself in the hands of the Police, giving them every assurance that his only desire was to conduct the Hall in a manner altogether satisfactory to them, to the public, and to the magistrates. At the same time he requested the superintendent at Bow street, Mr. Thomson, who had had so much trouble with the place, to recommend a retired

officer of position to see that women of objectional character should be excluded from the Hall, that everything in the way of vulgarity on the stage or indecorum of every kind in the auditorium should be strictly prohibited. Nothing could be better or more straightforward, and led to the appointment of Mr. Durkin, ex-superintendent of Police, and Mr. Thomson's predecessor at Bow Street, to the position of

Superintendent of Public Order at the Oxford.

Mr. Durkin only held the appointment for eighteen months, his death taking place after that time. It was now my turn to fill the vacancy, and by the very great kindness of Mr. Superintendent Thomson, who gave me a strong recommendation, I was appointed to the post, vacating the position I held under Messrs. Gatti as manager of the promenade during their concerts at Covent Garden. I

must here state that Mr. Jennings at once informed me that he left everything in relation to the foregoing in my hands. I hope he had no cause of regret. This was in September, 1879. Everything went on well. The place soon became the resort of family parties, the old associations dying completely out. So satisfied was Mr. Superintendent Thomson and his officers with the improvement of affairs, that instead of giving evidence of an unfavourable nature in regard to the Hall, he spoke highly in its favour, and was, to a great extent, the means of Mr. Jennings obtaining a dancing licence, in addition to the one for music, a result the latter had for years been aiming at.

The next matter of importance, arising out of the good feeling between the manager and the Police, was the establishment in 1882 of an Annual Benefit in support of the funds of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage. The Hall was given free of all expense, tickets for the charity being permitted to be sold throughout the building, thus adding very much to the

amount handed over to Mr. Thomson. Probably the Orphanage has been benefited by the Oxford to the extent of some fifteen hundred pounds. I received a very nice recognition for the part taken by me in bringing this matter about, it is as follows :—

"METROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICE, E DIVISION,
"BOW STREET, W.C.,
"LONDON, TUESDAY, 14*th February*, 1882.

"METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE ORPHANAGE FÊTE.

"THE OXFORD MUSIC HALL, 2nd inst.

"SIR,

"I am directed by Lt.-Col. Pearson, Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, to thank you for your benevolent liberality in placing your Hall and its resources at our disposal on this occasion.

"I venture on behalf of my division, and on my own behalf, to express our appreciation of

your cordial and spirited co-operation, to which, in a great measure, is due the success of the evening.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES J. THOMSON,

"*Superintendent.*

"MR. T. CAVANAGH,

"Superintendent of Public Order,

"The Oxford Music Hall."

SIR CHARLES WARREN, K.C.B.,

COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS AT THE OXFORD.

On Sunday evening, 6th May, 1888, Sir Charles Warren, accompanied by a select party of ladies and gentlemen, gave, under the auspices of the Gordon League, an entertainment at the Oxford, Mr. Arnold White being in the chair. This was shortly after the scenes in Trafalgar Square had taken place with the Socialists, who evidently on this occasion meant mischief. They had been holding a meeting in the afternoon in Hyde Park, and, long before we opened the doors, were outside in their thousands. There was no charge for admission, consequently the instant the doors were flung open, the rush was so great that in a few minutes the Hall was packed.

The programme consisted of songs, violin solos, quartets, duets, &c. Although there were many noisy interruptions at the commencement, nothing very particular took place until the chairman announced "that Sir Charles would now give his address on the Holy Land, illustrated with dissolving views." I had been present at many noisy and riotous assemblages, but never in my life did I witness such a tumult as took place here on this particular Sunday night. I felt certain something very serious would happen before the termination of the proceedings. Time after time Sir Charles essayed to give his lecture, but on each occasion was met by shouts of derision, menacing cries, &c. In vain Mr. Jennings went on the stage and appealed to the noisy assemblage for fair play. They would have none of it, and seeing, after most plucky endeavours, it was not only useless to persevere, but that a tumult was imminent, Sir Charles at last threw up the sponge, and the

curtain was dropped amid the cheers of a few of the more respectable—which were drowned by the noisy clamour of the mob. It must have been a very anxious time for Mr. Superintendent Draper and his chief inspector, Mr. Cuthbert, and particularly to the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the entertainment; the great fear being that while the lights were turned down missiles might be flung upon the stage.

On leaving shortly afterwards, an attempt was made to overturn the hansom in which Sir Charles had taken his seat, but this was frustrated by precautions privately taken.

There is no doubt the Socialists on this occasion intended to take revenge upon the Commissioner for the many times he had balked them in their designs and arrangements.

MUSIC HALLS, PAST AND PRESENT.

So much has been written respecting the origin of music halls, that it will only be necessary for me to state very briefly that their rise took place from singing rooms at public-houses. The place I frequented when a youngster was the "Silver Cup," in Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road, kept at the time, to the best of my recollection, by Mr. Jos. Sellars. These little affairs were termed "free-and-easies." A chairman was elected by the company, who called upon any one so disposed to "oblige" with a song. Some one, after coughing a bit, and clearing his throat with a *drencher*, "obliged." These little gatherings were supported by the tradesmen and others residing in the district, and brought about good, amicable feelings, and, at the same time, prosperity to the "house." There is no

necessity to dilate more upon this subject, as the old Canterbury Arms is about the strongest case in point; Mr. Charles Morton having converted it into the palatial music hall which now flourishes under the able sway of Mr. G. A. Payne. But, as previously mentioned in these pages, it was not until very recent years that the music hall developed into its present gorgeous condition. Take the Pavilion, the Trocadero (the old Argyle Rooms), the Empire, the Tivoli (with the "G.O.M."), the Royal, and the Oxford, besides many other places—what about them? Excepting the Pavilion, most of the others were non-existent. The growth has been remarkable, and with it the tone and conduct of the places.

Compared with the managers of olden times, see who we have now: Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. Charles Morton, Mr. Edward Swanborough, Mr. Arthur Swanborough, Mr. H. J. Hitchins, &c.

These gentlemen have held high positions at the most important theatres, tending to prove,

beyond argument, that the halls are gradually but surely cutting the ground from under the feet of the former. I have not included in the above the names of Mr. Payne or Mr. Sam Adams, as, I believe, they have always been connected with the variety business. And now we have the Palace Theatre, with Sir Augustus Harris as the controller. Think of it! I wonder if the day will ever come when it may be considered that a few less halls would prove an advantage! They have grown up in a most remarkable manner.

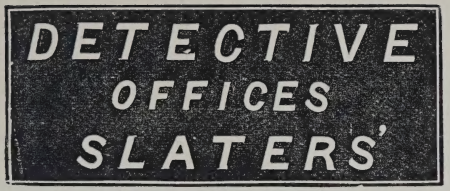
EPILOGUE.

I HAVE now, after really a severe tax on my memory, come to the conclusion of my work. Throughout the whole of it I have relied entirely upon my experiences and recollections of the last thirty-seven years. I can safely say that from beginning to end a solitary "chestnut" cannot be found.

If, in the many names I have been obliged to mention, I have given the slightest cause for pain or irritation, I at once ask pardon. My only endeavour has been to speak truthfully but faithfully. I hope, considering that this is my first endeavour as an author, that any errors or imperfections may be overlooked, and that my efforts may meet with the approval of my readers.

What a rattle is life's battle,
  What a whirligig!
How to battle with the rattle,
  One can hardly twig.

Glasgow, August 1893.



DETECTIVES.

MALE AND FEMALE.

SLATER'S DETECTIVE ORGANIZATION of expert Male and Female Assistants of all ages and sizes is the most complete in the kingdom for DIVORCE, Secret Enquiries, and Secretly Watching Suspected Persons. Each Transaction is carried out under the personal supervision of the Management.

Terms moderate. Consultations Free.

Telephone No. 900.
Telegraphic Address, "Distance, London."

HENRY SLATER, Manager,

27, BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DIVORCE.—Successful in every case wherein engaged in the Divorce Court for the past seven years.

WEST END DETECTIVE OFFICES,

39, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST., REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

FOR PRIVATE INQUIRIES IN DIVORCE, LIBEL, MISSING FRIENDS, SUSPECTED PERSONS, THREATENING LETTERS, BLACKMAILING, COMMERCIAL FRAUDS, FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCIES, AND GENERAL DETECTIVE WORK, WITH SECRECY, SKILL, AND DISPATCH.

MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS IN ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

INSTRUCTIONS BY TELEGRAPH OR LETTER ATTENDED TO WITHOUT DELAY.

Terms Moderate.

ALSO TRANSLATIONS IN ALL LANGUAGES OF LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL DOCUMENTS.

INTERPRETERS AT ALL LAW COURTS.

REFERENCES TO BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS—**THE DIRECTOR, A. de GALLO.**

RARE BOOKS.

CATALOGUE OF THE STOCK OF OLD AND RARE BOOKS

FOR SALE BY

PICKERING & CHATTO,

66, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.,

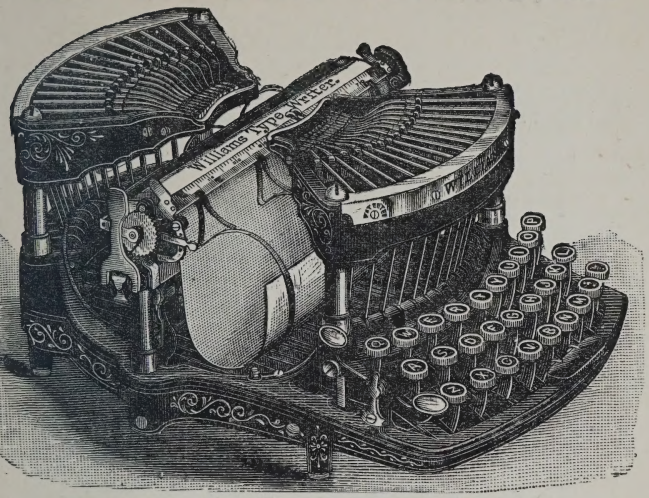
340 pp., 8vo, cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.*, which amount will be deducted from the first purchase of One Guinea. In this Catalogue will be found a large Collection of the First Editions of Works illustrated by Cruikshank, Phiz, Leech, Rowlandson, Alken—Volumes of Rare Early English Poetry, Drama, History, Typography, and Topography—First Editions of Thackeray, Dickens, Lever, Ainsworth, and most of the esteemed Writers of Fiction and Poetry, &c.

*** Let us know the Books you are seeking. If they can be found we can find them.

*** Single Book, Parcels, or Libraries, large or small, Purchased for Cash.

PICKERING & CHATTO, 66, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.

THE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER.



Writing in Plain View.
Direct Inking. No Ribbon.
Simple Mechanism. Easy to Learn.
Great Manifolding Capacity.
Light and Easy Touch.
Unequalled Speed.
Nearest Noiseless.
Economical to Maintain.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER Co. for Europe,
21, Cheapside, London, E.C.

SELLING AGENTS FOR—
DEXTER FOLDING MACHINE.
AUTOMATIC CHEQUE PUNCH.
WILLIAMS COPYING BATH.

BILLINGTON & NEWTON,

Sole Manufacturers of

CROWN BRAND PHOSPHOR-TIN,

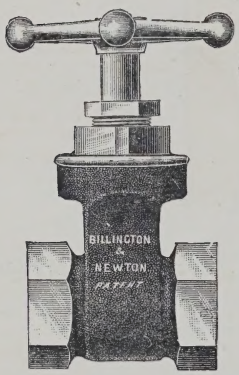
PHOSPHOR-BRONZE,

Patent Ferro-Manganese Bronze,

BABBITT'S & KINGSTON'S

PATENT ANTIFRICTION METALS.

PLASTIC METAL & WHITE BRONZE,

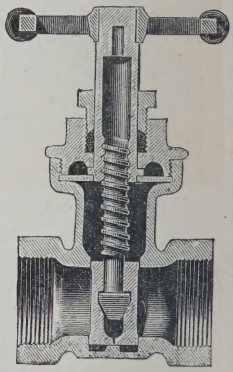


Gun Metal

Sluice

Valves,

&c.



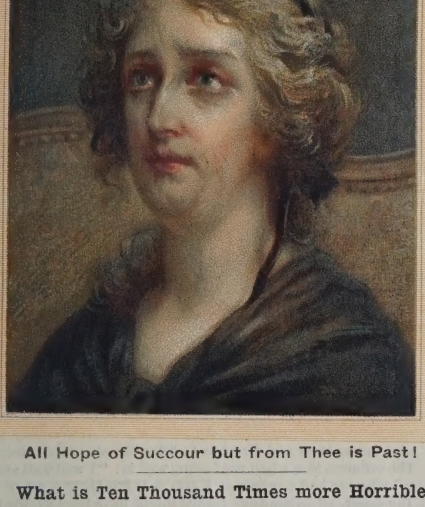
LONGPORT,

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The Dawn of Light between her last Moments and Eternity.

"As clouds of adversity gathered around, *Marie Antoinette* displayed a Patience and Courage in *Unparalleled Sufferings* such as few Saints and *Martyrs have equalled*. . . . . The *Pure Ore* of her nature was but hidden under the cross of worldliness, and the scorching fire of suffering revealed one of the tenderest hearts, and one of the *Bravest Natures* that history records,

(Which will haunt all who have studied that tremendous drama, THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.)"



All Hope of Succour but from Thee is Past!

. . . . "When one reflects that a century which considered itself enlightened, of the most refined civilization, *ends* with public acts of such *barbarity*, one begins to *doubt* of *Human Nature itself, and fear* that the *brute which is always* in *Human Nature, has the ascendancy!*"—GOWER.

"Power itself hath not *one-half* the Might of Gentleness."

"She who Rocks the Cradle *Rules the World*."

"Extinguish all emotions of heart and what differences will remain? I do *not* say between man *and brute*, but between *Man* and mere *inanimate Clod!*"

—CICERO.

The Unspeakable Grandeur of the Human Heart.

The Drying up of a single tear has more Honest Fame than Shedding SEAS OF GORE!!!

What is Ten Thousand Times more Horrible than Revolution or War?

"OUTRAGED NATURE!"

"O World! O men! what are we, and our best designs, that we must work by crime to punish crime, and slay, as if death had but this one gate?"—BYRON.

"What is Ten Thousand Times more Terrible than *Revolution* or War? Outraged Nature! She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her . . . . Man has his courtesies in Revolution and War; he spares the *woman and child*. But Nature is fierce when she is offended; she spares neither *woman nor child*. She has no pity, for some awful but most good reason. She is *not* allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Oh! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the *mass of preventible suffering*, the mass of preventible agony of mind which exists in England year after year."—KINGSLEY.

MORAL.—Life is a Battle, not a Victory. Disobey ye who will, but ye who disobey must suffer.

[SEE OVER.

LIGHT *versus* DARKNESS.

"It is very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—*a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature*—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by Her Majesty at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded Not to the Cleverest Boy, nor the most Bookish Boy, nor to the most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent Boy, but to the Noblest Boy, to the Boy who should show the most promise of becoming a Large-Hearted, High-Motived Man."—*Smiles.*

"*How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in action how like an Angel! in apprehension how like a God.*"

"**SHAKESPEARE,** the Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived," taught the **Divineness** of **Forgiveness, of Perpetual Mercy,** of, **Constant Patience,** of **Endless Peace,** of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show him!! **I know him not!!** If he had appeared as a **Divine,** they would have **Burned Him; as a Politician,** they would have **Beheaded Him.**

"He Taught that Kindness is Nobler than Revenge!!

The Rev. George Dawson, M.A.

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The Deeds of Mercy."—Shakespeare.

"And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!"

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy, such as **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT,"** to check disease at the onset!!! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders, ship captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, restless, sleepless, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see, perhaps I shall be better to-morrow," whereas had a supply of **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom, in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated salines, and use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** to prevent the bile becoming too thick and (impure) producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhœa and disease. **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** prevents and removes diarrhœa in the early stages.

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle and see the CAPSULE is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at*

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS

214, Piccadilly, London, W.

Sold by all Booksellers, or sent post-free for the published price by the Publishers.

ABOUT.—THE FELLAH: An Egyptian Novel. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

ADAMS (W. DAVENPORT), WORKS BY.

A DICTIONARY OF THE DRAMA. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America. Crown 8vo half-bound, **12s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

QUIPS AND QUIDDITIES. Selected by W. D. ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

AGONY COLUMN (THE) OF "THE TIMES," from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

AIDE (HAMILTON), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

CARR OF CARRLYON. | **CONFIDENCES.**

ALBERT.—BROOKE FINCHLEY'S DAUGHTER. By MARY ALBERT. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ALDEN.—A LOST SOUL. By W. L. ALDEN. Fcap. 8vo, cl. bds., **1s. 6d.**

ALEXANDER (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW? | **VALERIE'S FATE.**

ALLEN (F. M.).—GREEN AS GRASS. By F. M. ALLEN, Author of "Through Green Glasses." Frontispiece by J. SMYTH. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**

ALLEN (GRANT), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

THE EVOLUTIONIST AT LARGE. | **COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

PHILISTIA.
BABYLON.
STRANGE STORIES.
BECKONING HAND.
FOR MAIMIE'S SAKE.
IN ALL SHADES.
THE DEVIL'S DIE.
THIS MORTAL COIL.
THE TENTS OF SHEM.
THE GREAT TABOO.
DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND. | **BLOOD royal.**

IVAN GREET'S MASTERPIECE, &c. With a Frontispiece by S. L. WOOD.

DR. PALLISER'S PATIENT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

AMERICAN LITERATURE, A LIBRARY OF, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. Eleven Vols., royal 8vo, cloth extra, **£6 12s.**

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES, A HANDBOOK OF. By A. ROSENGARTEN. Translated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 639 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

ART (THE) OF AMUSING: A Collection of Graceful Arts, GAMES, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.**

ARNOLD (EDWIN LESTER), WORKS BY.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN. With Introduction by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, and 12 Illustrations by H. M. PAGET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THE CONSTABLE OF ST. NICHOLAS. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

BIRD LIFE IN ENGLAND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

ARTEMUS WARD'S WORKS. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**—Also a POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

THE GENIAL SHOWMAN: Life and Adventures of ARTEMUS WARD. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

ASHTON (JOHN), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

HISTORY OF THE CHAP-BOOKS OF THE 18th CENTURY. With 334 Illusts.
SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. With 85 Illustrations.
HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. With 82 Illusts.
ENGLISH CARICATURE AND SATIRE ON NAPOLEON THE FIRST. 115 Illusts.
MODERN STREET BALLADS. With 57 Illustrations.

BACTERIA.—A SYNOPSIS OF THE BACTERIA AND YEAST FUNGI AND ALLIED SPECIES. By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

BARDSLEY (REV. C. W.), WORKS BY.

ENGLISH SURNAMES: Their Sources and Significations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
CURIOSITIES OF PURITAN NOMENCLATURE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BARING GOULD (S., Author of "John Herring," &c.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

RED SPIDER. | **EVE.**

BARRETT (FRANK, Author of "Lady Biddy Fane,") NOVELS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.

FETTERED FOR LIFE.
THE SIN OF OLGA ZASSOULICH.
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
FOLLY MORRISON. | **HONEST DAVIE.**
LIEUT. BARNABAS.
LITTLE LADY LINTON.
A PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS.
JOHN FORD; and HIS HELPMATE.
A RECOILING VENGEANCE.
FOUND GUILTY.
FOR LOVE AND HONOUR.

BEACONSFIELD, LORD: A Biography. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with an Introduction. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

BEAUCHAMP.—GRANTLEY GRANGE: A Novel. By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS: A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries, beautifully engraved on Steel. With Notices of the Artists by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, **21s.**

BECHSTEIN.—AS PRETTY AS SEVEN, and other German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

BEERBOHM.—WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

BENNETT (W. C., LL.D.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** each.

A BALLAD HISTORY OF ENGLAND. | **SONGS FOR SAILORS.**

BESANT (WALTER), NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
THE CAPTAINS' ROOM, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.
ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.
DOROTHY FORSTER. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.
UNCLE JACK, and other Stories. | **CHILDREN OF GIBEON.**
THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
HERR PAULUS: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall.
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.
TO CALL HER MINE, &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.
THE HOLY ROSE, &c. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD.
ARMOREL OF LYONESSE: A Romance of To-day. With 12 Illusts. by F. BARNARD.
ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER. With 12 page Illustrations by C. GREEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

VERBENA CAMELLIA STEPHANOTIS, &c. Frontispiece by GORDON BROWNE.
THE IVORY GATE: A Novel. [*Shortly.*

FIFTY YEARS AGO. With 144 Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**
THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **6s.**
THE ART OF FICTION. Demy 8vo, **1s.**
LONDON. With 124 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **18s.**
THE REBEL QUEEN: A Novel. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*Shortly.*

BESANT (WALTER) AND JAMES RICE, NOVELS BY.
Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.
MY LITTLE GIRL.
WITH HARP AND CROWN.
THIS SON OF VULCAN.
THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.
THE MONKS OF THELEMA.
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.
THE SEAMY SIDE.
THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT, &c.
'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY, &c.
THE TEN YEARS' TENANT, &c.

*** There is also a LIBRARY EDITION of the above Twelve Volumes, handsomely set in new type, on a large crown 8vo page, and bound in cloth extra, **6s.** each.

BEWICK (THOMAS) AND HIS PUPILS. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BIERCE.—IN THE MIDST OF LIFE: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, By AMBROSE BIERCE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

BLACKBURN'S (HENRY) ART HANDBOOKS.
ACADEMY NOTES, separate years, from 1875–1887, 1889–1892, each **1s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1893. With Illustrations. **1s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1875–79. Complete in One Vol., with 600 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.**
ACADEMY NOTES, 1880–84. Complete in One Vol. with 700 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, 1877. 6d.
GROSVENOR NOTES, separate years, from 1878 to 1890, each **1s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. I., 1877–82. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. II., 1883–87. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1888–1892. With numerous Illustrations, each **1s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, 1893. With Illustrations. **1s.**
THE NEW GALLERY, Vol. I., 1888–1892. With 250 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 114 Illustrations. **1s.**
OLD MASTERS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 128 Illustrations. **1s. 6d.**
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 242 Illusts. cl., **3s.**
THE PARIS SALON, 1893. With Facsimile Sketches. **3s.**
THE PARIS SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, 1893. With Sketches. **3s. 6d.**

BLAKE (WILLIAM): India-proof Etchings from his Works by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT. With descriptive Text. Folio, half-bound boards, **21s.**

BLIND (MATHILDE), Poems by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. each.
THE ASCENT OF MAN.
DRAMAS IN MINIATURE. With a Frontispiece by FORD MADOX BROWN.
SONGS AND SONNETS. Fcap. 8vo, vellum and gold.

BOURNE (H. R. FOX), WORKS BY.
ENGLISH MERCHANTS: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS: The History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cl., **25s.**
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

BOWERS.—LEAVES FROM A HUNTING JOURNAL. By GEORGE BOWERS. Oblong folio, half-bound, **21s.**

BOYLE (FREDERICK), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
CHRONICLES OF NO-MAN'S LAND. | **CAMP NOTES.**
SAVAGE LIFE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

BRAND'S OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES; chiefly illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS, and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

BREWER (REV. DR.), WORKS BY.
THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES: Being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

BREWSTER (SIR DAVID), WORKS BY. Post 8vo cl. ex. **4s. 6d.** each.
MORE WORLDS THAN ONE: Creed of Philosopher and Hope of Christian. Plates.
THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE: GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits.
LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC. With numerous Illustrations.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.—GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

BRET HARTE, WORKS BY.

LIBRARY EDITION. In Seven Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
BRET HARTE'S COLLECTED WORKS. Arranged and Revised by the Author.
Vol. I. Complete Poetical and Dramatic Works. With Steel Portrait.
Vol. II. Luck of Roaring Camp—Bohemian Papers—American Legends.
Vol. III. Tales of the Argonauts—Eastern Sketches.
Vol. IV. Gabriel Conroy. | Vol. V. Stories—Condensed Novels, &c.
Vol. VI. Tales of the Pacific Slope.
Vol. VII. Tales of the Pacific Slope—II. With Portrait by John Pettie, R.A.

THE SELECT WORKS OF BRET HARTE, in Prose and Poetry With Introductory Essay by J. M. Bellew, Portrait of Author, and 50 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**
BRET HARTE'S POETICAL WORKS. Hand-made paper & buckram. Cr. 8vo, **4s. 6d.**
THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE. With 28 original Drawings by Kate Greenaway, reproduced in Colours by Edmund Evans. Small 4to, cloth, **5s.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
A WAIF OF THE PLAINS. With 60 Illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.
A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE. With 59 Illustrations by Stanley L. Wood
A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS, &c. With Two Illustrations by Hume Nisbet
COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT, AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE. With a Frontispiece by Fred. Barnard.
SUSY: A Novel. With Frontispiece and Vignette by J. A. Christie.
SALLY DOWS, &c. With 47 Illustrations by W. D. Almond, &c.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

GABRIEL CONROY.	**THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, &c.**
AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG, &c.	**CALIFORNIAN STORIES.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

FLIP.	**MARUJA.**	**A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.**

Fcap. 8vo. picture cover, **1s.** each.

THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.	**JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY.**
SNOW-BOUND AT EAGLE'S.	

BRYDGES.—UNCLE SAM AT HOME. By Harold Brydges. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

BUCHANAN'S (ROBERT) WORKS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN. With Frontispiece by T. Dalziel.
THE EARTHQUAKE; or, Six Days and a Sabbath.
THE CITY OF DREAM: An Epic Poem. With Two Illustrations by P. Macnab.
THE WANDERING JEW: A Christmas Carol. Second Edition.
THE OUTCAST: A Rhyme for the Time. With 15 Illustrations by Rudolf Blind, Peter Macnab, and Hume Nisbet. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**
ROBERT BUCHANAN'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.	**LOVE ME FOR EVER.** Frontispiece.
A CHILD OF NATURE. Frontispiece.	**ANNAN WATER.** | **FOXGLOVE MANOR.**
GOD AND THE MAN. With 11 Illustrations by Fred. Barnard.	**THE NEW ABELARD.**
THE MARTYRDOM OF MADELINE. With Frontispiece by A. W. Cooper.	**MATT:** A Story of a Caravan. Front.
	THE MASTER OF THE MINE. Front.
	THE HEIR OF LINNE.

THE WEDDING-RING. 2 vols., crown 8vo. [*Shortly.*

BURTON (CAPTAIN).—THE BOOK OF THE SWORD: Being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By Richard F. Burton. With over 400 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **32s.**

BURTON (ROBERT).

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY: A New Edition, with translations of the Classical Extracts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
MELANCHOLY ANATOMISED Being an Abridgment, for popular use, of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CAINE (T. HALL), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

SHADOW OF A CRIME. | **A SON OF HAGAR.** | **THE DEEMSTER.**

CAMERON (COMMANDER).—THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK PRINCE" PRIVATEER. By V. Lovett Cameron, R.N., C.B. With Two Illustrations by P. Macnab. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CAMERON (MRS. H. LOVETT), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN. | **DECEIVERS EVER.**

CARLYLE (THOMAS) ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. With Life by R. H. SHEPHERD, and Three Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**

CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND R. W. EMERSON, 1834 to 1872. Edited by C. E. NORTON. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

CARLYLE (JANE WELSH), LIFE OF. By Mrs. ALEXANDER IRELAND. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CHAPMAN'S (GEORGE) WORKS. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones. Vol. II., the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III., the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

CHATTO AND JACKSON.—A TREATISE ON WOOD ENGRAVING, Historical and Practical. By WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO and JOHN JACKSON. With an Additional Chapter by HENRY G. BOHN, and 450 fine Illusts. Large 4to, hf.-bd., **28s.**

CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN: A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Small 4to, cloth extra, **6s.**

CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CLARE.—FOR THE LOVE OF A LASS: A Tale of Tynedale. By AUSTIN CLARE. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

CLIVE (MRS. ARCHER), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each

PAUL FERROLL. | **WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE.**

CLODD.—MYTHS AND DREAMS. By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

COBBAN (J. MACLAREN), NOVELS BY.

THE CURE OF SOULS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THE RED SULTAN. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

COLEMAN (JOHN), WORKS BY.

PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS I HAVE KNOWN. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

CURLY: An Actor's Story. With 21 Illusts. by J. C. DOLLMAN. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**

COLERIDGE.—THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS. By M. E. COLERIDGE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

COLLINS (C. ALLSTON).—THE BAR SINISTER. Post 8vo, **2s.**

COLLINS (MORTIMER AND FRANCES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT. | **BLACKSMITH AND SCHOLAR.**

TRANSMIGRATION. | **YOU PLAY ME FALSE.** | **A VILLAGE COMEDY.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

SWEET ANNE PAGE. | **FIGHT WITH FORTUNE.** | **SWEET & TWENTY.** | **FRANCES.**

COLLINS (WILKIE), NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ANTONINA. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

BASIL. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.

HIDE AND SEEK. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.

AFTER DARK. Illustrations by A. B. HOUGHTON. | **THE TWO DESTINIES.**

THE DEAD SECRET. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

QUEEN OF HEARTS. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE. With Illusts. by Sir J. GILBERT, R.A., and F. A. FRASER.

NO NAME. With Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., and A. W. COOPER.

MY MISCELLANIES. With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.

ARMADALE. With Illustrations by G. H. THOMAS.

THE MOONSTONE. With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.

MAN AND WIFE. With Illustrations by WILLIAM SMALL.

POOR MISS FINCH. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.

MISS OR MRS.? With Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.

THE NEW MAGDALEN. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.

THE FROZEN DEEP. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.

THE LAW AND THE LADY. Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and SYDNEY HALL.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

THE FALLEN LEAVES. | **HEART AND SCIENCE.** | **THE EVIL GENIUS.**

JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER. | **"I SAY NO."** | **LITTLE NOVELS.**

THE BLACK ROBE. | **A ROGUE'S LIFE.** | **THE LEGACY OF CAIN.**

BLIND LOVE. With Preface by WALTER BESANT, and Illusts. by A. FORESTIER.

COLLINS (JOHN CHURTON, M.A.), BOOKS BY.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TENNYSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JONATHAN SWIFT; A Biographical and Critical Study. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **8s.** [*Shortly*

COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS: "Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

COLMORE.—A VALLEY OF SHADOWS. By G. COLMORE, Author of "A Conspiracy of Silence." Two Vols., crown 8vo.

COLQUHOUN.—EVERY INCH A SOLDIER: A Novel. By M. J. COLQUHOUN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CONVALESCENT COOKERY: A Family Handbook. By CATHERINE RYAN. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

CONWAY (MONCURE D.), WORKS BY.

DEMONOLOGY AND DEVIL-LORE. 65 Illustrations. Two Vols., 8vo, cloth **28s.**
A NECKLACE OF STORIES. 25 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Sq. 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
PINE AND PALM: A Novel. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **21s.**
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY. Fcap. 8vo, Jap. vellum, **2s. 6d.**

COOK (DUTTON), NOVELS BY.

PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
LEO. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

COOPER (EDWARD H.)—GEOFFORY HAMILTON. Two Vols.

CORNWALL.—POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. Two Steel-plates by GEO. CRUIKSHANK. Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

COTES.—TWO GIRLS ON A BARGE. By V. CECIL COTES. With 44 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

CRADDOCK.—THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.**

CRIM.—ADVENTURES OF A FAIR REBEL. By MATT CRIM. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CROKER (B.M.), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE.	**DIANA BARRINGTON.**
A BIRD OF PASSAGE.	**PROPER PRIDE.**

A FAMILY LIKENESS. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANACK. Complete in TWO SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.
THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CUMMING (C. F. GORDON), WORKS BY. Demy 8vo, cl. ex., **8s. 6d.** each.
IN THE HEBRIDES. With Autotype Facsimile and 23 Illustrations.
IN THE HIMALAYAS AND ON THE INDIAN PLAINS. With 42 Illustrations.
TWO HAPPY YEARS IN CEYLON. With 28 Illustrations.
VIA CORNWALL TO EGYPT. With Photogravure Frontis. Demy 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

CUSSANS.—A HANDBOOK OF HERALDRY; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. With 408 Woodcuts and 2 Coloured Plates. New edition, revised, crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

CYPLES (W.)—HEARTS of GOLD. Cr. 8vo, cl. **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, bds., **2s.**

DANIEL.—MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME. By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DAUDET.—THE EVANGELIST; or, Port Salvation. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DAVENANT.—HINTS FOR PARENTS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION FOR THEIR SONS. By F. DAVENANT, M.A. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

DAVIES (DR. N. E. YORKE-), WORKS BY.
Crown 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.
ONE THOUSAND MEDICAL MAXIMS AND SURGICAL HINTS.
NURSERY HINTS: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease.
FOODS FOR THE FAT: A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure.
AIDS TO LONG LIFE. Crown 8vo, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, for the first time Collected and Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **12s.**

DAWSON.—THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: A Novel of Adventure. By ERASMUS DAWSON, M.B. Edited by PAUL DEVON. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DE GUERIN.—THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN. Edited by G. S. TREBUTIEN. With a Memoir by SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the 20th French Edition by JESSIE P. FROTHINGHAM. Fcap, 8vo, half-bound, **2s. 6d.**

DE MAISTRE.—A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DE MILLE.—A CASTLE IN SPAIN. By JAMES DE MILLE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DERBY (THE).—THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF: A Chronicle of the RACE FOR THE DERBY, from Diomed to Donovan. With Brief Accounts of THE OAKS. By LOUIS HENRY CURZON Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DERWENT (LEITH), NOVELS BY. Cr.8vo,cl., **3s.6d.** ea.; post 8vo,bds., **2s.**ea.
OUR LADY OF TEARS. | **CIRCE'S LOVERS.**

DICKENS (CHARLES), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
SKETCHES BY BOZ. | **NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.**
THE PICKWICK PAPERS. | **OLIVER TWIST.**
THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1841–1870. With a New Bibliography. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a SMALLER EDITION, in the *Mayfair Library*, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. By ALFRED RIMMER. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, ALFRED RIMMER, and others. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DICTIONARIES.
A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. With an ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
SLANG DICTIONARY: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s. 6d.**
WOMEN OF THE DAY: A Biographical Dictionary. By F. HAYS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**
WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DIDEROT.—THE PARADOX OF ACTING. Translated, with Annotations, from Diderot's "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien," by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With a Preface by HENRY IRVING. Crown 8vo, parchment, **4s. 6d.**

DOBSON (AUSTIN), WORKS BY.
THOMAS BEWICK & HIS PUPILS. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
FOUR FRENCHWOMEN. Fcap. 8vo, hf.-roxburghe, with a Portrait, **2s. 6d.**—Also, a Library Edition, with 4 Portraits, crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**

DOBSON (W. T.)—POETICAL INGENUITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DONOVAN (DICK), DETECTIVE STORIES BY.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
THE MAN-HUNTER. | **WANTED!**
CAUGHT AT LAST!
TRACKED AND TAKEN.
WHO POISONED HETTY DUNCAN?
A DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPHS.
IN THE GRIP OF THE LAW.
FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED.
LINK BY LINK. [*Shortly.*
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
THE MAN FROM MANCHESTER. With 23 Illustrations.
TRACKED TO DOOM. With 6 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.

DOYLE (CONAN).—THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DRAMATISTS, THE OLD. With Vignette Portraits. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** per Vol.
BEN JONSON'S WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WM. GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.
CHAPMAN'S WORKS. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.
MARLOWE'S WORKS. Edited, with Notes, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.
MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From GIFFORD'S Text. Edit by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

DUNCAN (SARA JEANNETTE), WORKS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
A SOCIAL DEPARTURE: How Orthodocia and I Went round the World by Ourselves. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. With 80 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
THE SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF A MEMSAHIB. With 37 Illusts. [*Shortly.*

DYER.—THE FOLK-LORE OF PLANTS. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

EARLY ENGLISH POETS. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.** per Volume.
FLETCHER'S (GILES) COMPLETE POEMS. One Vol.
DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Two Vols.
HERRICK'S (ROBERT) COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS. Three Vols.
SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Three Vols.

EDGCUMBE.—ZEPHYRUS: A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. PEARCE EDGCUMBE. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

EDWARDES (MRS. ANNIE), NOVELS BY:
A POINT OF HONOUR. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
ARCHIE LOVELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

EDWARDS (ELIEZER).—WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

EDWARDS (M. BETHAM-), NOVELS BY.
KITTY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
FELICIA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

EGERTON.—SUSSEX FOLK & SUSSEX WAYS. By Rev. J. C. EGERTON. With Introduction by Rev. Dr. H. WACE, and 4 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **5s.**

EGGLESTON (EDWARD).—ROXY: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE, THE: A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House; with Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. With Coloured Frontispiece and 600 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

EWALD (ALEX. CHARLES, F.S.A.), WORKS BY.
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART, Count of Albany (THE YOUNG PRETENDER). With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS. With an Autotype. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

EYES, OUR: How to Preserve Them from Infancy to Old Age. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S. With 70 Illusts. Eighteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, **1s.**

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. By SAMUEL ARTHUR BENT, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

FARADAY (MICHAEL), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.** each.
THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.
ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF NATURE, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

FARRER (J. ANSON), WORKS BY.
MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
WAR: Three Essays, reprinted from "Military Manners." Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

FENN (G. MANVILLE), NOVELS BY.
THE NEW MISTRESS. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
WITNESS TO THE DEED. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

FIN-BEC.—THE CUPBOARD PAPERS: Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. By FIN-BEC. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

FIREWORKS, THE COMPLETE ART OF MAKING; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

FITZGERALD (PERCY, M.A., F.S.A.), WORKS BY.

THE WORLD BEHIND THE SCENES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

LITTLE ESSAYS: Passages from Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.**

A DAY'S TOUR: Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches. Cr. 4to, **1s.**

FATAL ZERO. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

BELLA DONNA. | **LADY OF BRANTOME.** | **THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.**
POLLY. | **NEVER FORGOTTEN.** | **SEVENTY-FIVE BROOKE STREET.**

LIFE OF JAMES BOSWELL (of Auchinleck). With an Account of his Sayings, Doings, and Writings; and Four Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

FLAMMARION.—URANIA: A Romance. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Translated by AUGUSTA RICE STETSON. With 87 Illustrations by DE BIELER, MYRBACH, and GAMBARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

FLETCHER'S (GILES, B.D.) COMPLETE POEMS: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.**

FLUDYER (HARRY) AT CAMBRIDGE: A Series of Family Letters. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

FONBLANQUE (ALBANY).—FILTHY LUCRE. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FRANCILLON (R. E.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each: post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

ONE BY ONE. | **QUEEN COPHETUA.** | **A REAL QUEEN.** | **KING OR KNAVE?**

OLYMPIA. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** | **ESTHER'S GLOVE.** Fcap. 8vo, pict. cover, **1s.**

ROMANCES OF THE LAW. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

ROPES OF SAND. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

FREDERIC (HAROLD), NOVELS BY.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THE LAWTON GIRL. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

FRENCH LITERATURE, A HISTORY OF. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth boards, **7s. 6d.** each.

FRERE.—PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With Preface by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FRISWELL (HAIN).—ONE OF TWO: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FROST (THOMAS), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

CIRCUS LIFE AND CIRCUS CELEBRITIES. | **LIVES OF THE CONJURERS.**
THE OLD SHOWMEN AND THE OLD LONDON FAIRS.

FRY'S (HERBERT) ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES. Showing their Name, Date of Foundation, Objects, Income, Officials, &c. Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

GARDENING BOOKS. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE: Practical Advice as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.

HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.

THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT. By TOM JERROLD.

OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them. By TOM JERROLD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS G. HEATH Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

GARRETT.—THE CAPEL GIRLS: A Novel. By EDWARD GARRETT. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, THE. 1s. Monthly. In addition to Articles upon subjects in Literature, Science, and Art, **"TABLE TALK"** by SYLVANUS URBAN, and **"PAGES ON PLAYS"** by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, appear monthly.

*** *Bound Volumes for recent years kept in stock,* **8s. 6d.** *each; Cases for binding,* **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL, THE. Published Annually in November. **1s.** The 1892 Annual, written by T. W. SPEIGHT, is entitled **"THE LOUDWATER TRAGEDY."**

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and 22 Steel Plates after GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo. cloth, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

GIBBON (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

ROBIN GRAY. | **LOVING A DREAM.** | **THE GOLDEN SHAFT.**
THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST. | **OF HIGH DEGREE.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE DEAD HEART. | **IN LOVE AND WAR.**
FOR LACK OF GOLD. | **A HEART'S PROBLEM.**
WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY? | **BY MEAD AND STREAM.**
FOR THE KING. | **A HARD KNOT.** | **THE BRAES OF YARROW.**
QUEEN OF THE MEADOW. | **FANCY FREE.** | **IN HONOUR BOUND.**
IN PASTURES GREEN. | **HEART'S DELIGHT.** | **BLOOD-MONEY.**

GIBNEY (SOMERVILLE).—SENTENCED! Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

GILBERT (WILLIAM), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS. | **JAMES DUKE, COSTERMONGER.**
THE WIZARD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GILBERT (W. S.), ORIGINAL PLAYS BY. Two Series, **2s. 6d.** each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—The Sorcerer—Pirates of Penzance.

EIGHT ORIGINAL COMIC OPERAS written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. "Pinafore"—Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo. cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE "GILBERT AND SULLIVAN" BIRTHDAY BOOK: Quotations for Every Day in the Year, Selected from Plays by W. S. GILBERT set to Music by Sir A. SULLIVAN. Compiled by ALEX. WATSON. Royal 16mo, Jap. leather, **2s. 6d.**

GLANVILLE (ERNEST), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE LOST HEIRESS: A Tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure. With 2 Illusts.
THE FOSSICKER: A Romance of Mashonaland. With 2 Illusts. by HUME NISBET.

GLENNY.—A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE: Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

GODWIN.—LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

GOLDEN TREASURY OF THOUGHT, THE: An Encyclopædia of QUOTATIONS. Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.**

GOODMAN.—THE FATE OF HERBERT WAYNE. By E. J. GOODMAN, Author of "Too Curious." Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

GOWING.—FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A SLEDGE: A Midwinter Journey Across Siberia. By LIONEL F. GOWING. With 30 Illustrations by C. J. UREN, and a Map by E. WELLER. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

GRAHAM.—THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE: A Story By LEONARD GRAHAM. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

GREEKS AND ROMANS, THE LIFE OF THE, described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

GREENWOOD (JAMES), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo. cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE WILDS OF LONDON. | **LOW-LIFE DEEPS.**

GREVILLE (HENRY), NOVELS BY:

NIKANOR. Translated by ELIZA E. CHASE. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

A NOBLE WOMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GRIFFITH.—CORINTHIA MARAZION: A Novel. By CECIL GRIFFITH, Author of "Victory Deane," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HABBERTON (JOHN, Author of "Helen's Babies"), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
BRUETON'S BAYOU. | **COUNTRY LUCK.**

HAIR, THE: Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

HAKE (DR. THOMAS GORDON), POEMS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** each.
NEW SYMBOLS. | **LEGENDS OF THE MORROW.** | **THE SERPENT PLAY.**
MAIDEN ECSTASY. Small 4to, cloth extra, **8s.**

HALL.—SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Medium 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HALLIDAY (ANDR.).—EVERY-DAY PAPERS. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

HANDWRITING, THE PHILOSOPHY OF. With over 100 Facsimiles and Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HANKY-PANKY: Easy Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

HARDY (LADY DUFFUS).—PAUL WYNTER'S SACRIFICE. 2s.

HARDY (THOMAS).—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." With Portrait and 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HARPER.—THE BRIGHTON ROAD: Old Times and New on a Classic Highway. By CHARLES G. HARPER. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 90 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **16s.**

HARWOOD.—THE TENTH EARL. By J. BERWICK HARWOOD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWEIS (MRS. H. R.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
THE ART OF BEAUTY. With Coloured Frontispiece and 91 Illustrations.
THE ART OF DECORATION. With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations.
CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts.
THE ART OF DRESS. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS. Demy 8vo cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HAWEIS (Rev. H. R., M.A.).—AMERICAN HUMORISTS: WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HAWLEY SMART.—WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENCE: A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWTHORNE.—OUR OLD HOME. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with Passages from the Author's Note-book, and Illustrated with 31 Photogravures. Two Vols., crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **15s.**

HAWTHORNE (JULIAN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GARTH. | **ELLICE QUENTIN.** | **BEATRIX RANDOLPH.** | **DUST.**
SEBASTIAN STROME. | **DAVID POINDEXTER.**
FORTUNE'S FOOL. | **THE SPECTRE OF THE CAMERA.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
MISS CADOGNA. | **LOVE—OR A NAME.**
MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS. Fcap. 8vo. illustrated cover, **1s.**

HEATH.—MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

HELPS (SIR ARTHUR), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
ANIMALS AND THEIR MASTERS. | **SOCIAL PRESSURE.**
IVAN DE BIRON: A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

HENDERSON.—AGATHA PAGE: A Novel. By ISAAC HENDERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HENTY.—RUJUB, THE JUGGLER. By G. A. HENTY. Three Vols.

HERMAN.—A LEADING LADY. By HENRY HERMAN, joint-Author of "The Bishops' Bible." Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

HERRICK'S (ROBERT) HESPERIDES, NOBLE NUMBERS, AND COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D.; Steel Portrait, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cl. bds., **18s.**

HERTZKA.—FREELAND: A Social Anticipation. By Dr. THEODOR HERTZKA. Translated by ARTHUR RANSOM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HESSE-WARTEGG.—TUNIS: The Land and the People. By Chevalier ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG. With 22 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HILL.—TREASON-FELONY: A Novel. By JOHN HILL. Two Vols.

HINDLEY (CHARLES), WORKS BY.

TAVERN ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS: Including Reminiscences connected with Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CHEAP JACK. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**

HOEY.—THE LOVER'S CREED. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Post 8vo, **2s.**

HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN).—NIAGARA SPRAY. Crown 8vo, **1s.**

HOLMES.—THE SCIENCE OF VOICE PRODUCTION AND VOICE PRESERVATION. By GORDON HOLMES, M.D. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL), WORKS BY.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**—Another Edition, in smaller type, with an Introduction by G. A. SALA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE and **THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** In One Vol. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

HOOD'S (THOMAS) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODDITIES. With 85 Illustrations. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

HOOD (TOM).—FROM NOWHERE TO THE NORTH POLE: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By TOM HOOD. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

HOOK'S (THEODORE) CHOICE HUMOROUS WORKS; including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HOOPER.—THE HOUSE OF RABY: A Novel. By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HOPKINS.—"'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY:" A Novel. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HORNE.—ORION: An Epic Poem. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s.**

HORSE (THE) AND HIS RIDER: An Anecdotic Medley. By "THORMANBY." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HUNGERFORD (MRS.), Author of "Molly Bawn," **NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN. | **IN DURANCE VILE.** | **A MENTAL STRUGGLE.**
MARVEL. | **A MODERN CIRCE.**

LADY VERNER'S FLIGHT. Two Vols., crown 8vo.

HUNT.—ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT: A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER, &c. Edited by EDMUND OLLIER. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bd., **2s.**

HUNT (MRS. ALFRED), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE LEADEN CASKET. | **SELF-CONDEMNED.** | **THAT OTHER PERSON.**

THORNICROFT'S MODEL. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MRS. JULIET. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

HUTCHISON.—HINTS ON COLT-BREAKING. By W. M. HUTCHISON. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HYDROPHOBIA: An Account of M. PASTEUR'S System; Technique of his Method, and Statistics. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

IDLER (THE): A Monthly Magazine. Edited by JEROME K. JEROME and ROBERT E. BARR. Profusely Illustrated. Sixpence Monthly.—Vols. I. and II. now ready, cloth extra, **5s.** each; Cases for Binding, **1s. 6d.**

INGELOW (JEAN).—FATED TO BE FREE. Post 8vo, illustrated bds., **2s.**

INDOOR PAUPERS. By ONE OF THEM. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

INNKEEPER'S HANDBOOK (THE) AND LICENSED VICTUALLER'S MANUAL. By J. TREVOR-DAVIES. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR, SONGS OF. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

JAMES.—A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS. By CHARLES JAMES. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

JANVIER.—PRACTICAL KERAMICS FOR STUDENTS. By CATHERINE A. JANVIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JAY (HARRIETT), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE DARK COLLEEN. | **THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.**

JEFFERIES (RICHARD), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
NATURE NEAR LONDON. | **THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS.** | **THE OPEN AIR.**
*** Also the HAND-MADE PAPER EDITION, crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. By WALTER BESANT. Second Edition. With a Photograph Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JENNINGS (H. J.), WORKS BY.
CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
LORD TENNYSON: A Biographical Sketch. With a Photograph. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

JEROME.—STAGELAND. By JEROME K. JEROME. With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Square 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **2s.**

JERROLD.—THE BARBER'S CHAIR; & THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

JERROLD (TOM), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT.
HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.
OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants, and How we Cook Them. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**

JESSE.—SCENES AND OCCUPATIONS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. By EDWARD JESSE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

JONES (WILLIAM, F.S.A.), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
FINGER-RING LORE: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With nearly 300 Illustrations. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.
CREDULITIES, PAST AND PRESENT. Including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Talismans, Word and Letter Divination, Exorcising and Blessing of Animals, Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c. With an Etched Frontispiece.
CROWNS AND CORONATIONS: A History of Regalia. With 100 Illustrations.

JONSON'S (BEN) WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.

JOSEPHUS, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF. Translated by WHISTON. Containing "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews." With 52 Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.**

KEMPT.—PENCIL AND PALETTE: Chapters on Art and Artists. By ROBERT KEMPT. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

KERSHAW.—COLONIAL FACTS AND FICTIONS: Humorous Sketches. By MARK KERSHAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

KEYSER.—CUT BY THE MESS: A Novel. By ARTHUR KEYSER. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

KING (R. ASHE), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.
A DRAWN GAME. | **"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
PASSION'S SLAVE. | **BELL BARRY.**

KNIGHTS (THE) OF THE LION: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Edited, with an Introduction, by the MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

KNIGHT.—THE PATIENT'S VADE MECUM: How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDWARD KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

LAMB'S (CHARLES) COMPLETE WORKS, in Prose and Verse, including "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus." Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig." Crown 8vo, half-bound, **7s. 6d.**

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

LITTLE ESSAYS: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB. With Introduction and Notes by BRANDER MATTHEWS, and Steel-plate Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, hf.-bd., **2s. 6d.**

LANDOR.—CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, &c., before Sir THOMAS LUCY, touching Deer-stealing, 19th September, 1582. To which is added, **A CONFERENCE OF MASTER EDMUND SPENSER** with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, 1595. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.**

LANE.—THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, commonly called in England **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.** Translated from the Arabic, with Notes, by EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. Illustrated by many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With a Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

LARWOOD (JACOB), WORKS BY.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON PARKS. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY: The Antiquities, Humours, and Eccentricities of the Cloth. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

FORENSIC ANECDOTES. | **THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.**

LEIGH (HENRY S.), WORKS BY.

CAROLS OF COCKAYNE. Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram, **5s.**

JEUX D'ESPRIT. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

LEYS (JOHN).—THE LINDSAYS: A Romance. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

LIFE IN LONDON; or, The History of JERRY HAWTHORN and CORINTHIAN TOM. With CRUIKSHANK'S Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

[*New Edition preparing.*

LINTON (E. LYNN), WORKS BY.

WITCH STORIES. | **OURSELVES:** ESSAYS ON WOMEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

SOWING THE WIND. | **UNDER WHICH LORD?**
PATRICIA KEMBALL. | **"MY LOVE!"** | **IONE.**
ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS. | **PASTON CAREW, Millionaire & Miser.**
THE WORLD WELL LOST.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY. | **WITH A SILKEN THREAD.**

FREESHOOTING: Extracts from the Works of Mrs. LYNN LINTON. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

LUCY.—GIDEON FLEYCE: A Novel. By HENRY W. LUCY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

LUSIAD (THE) OF CAMOENS. Translated into English Spenserian Verse by ROBERT FFRENCH DUFF. With 14 Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

MACALPINE (AVERY), NOVELS BY.

TERESA ITASCA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **1s.**

BROKEN WINGS. With 6 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACCOLL (HUGH), NOVELS BY.

MR. STRANGER'S SEALED PACKET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

EDNOR WHITLOCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACDONELL.—QUAKER COUSINS: A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

McCARTHY (JUSTIN, M.P.), WORKS BY.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.—And a JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** —Also a CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*

Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.
MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.
A FAIR SAXON.
LINLEY ROCHFORD.
DEAR LADY DISDAIN.
MISS MISANTHROPE.
DONNA QUIXOTE.
THE COMET OF A SEASON.
MAID OF ATHENS.
CAMIOLA: A Girl with a Fortune.

THE DICTATOR. Three Vols., crown 8vo. [*Shortly.*

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE." By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

McCARTHY (JUSTIN H.), WORKS BY.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Four Vols., 8vo, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*
AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
IRELAND SINCE THE UNION: Irish History, 1798-1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
HAFIZ IN LONDON: Poems. Small 8vo, gold cloth, **3s. 6d.**
HARLEQUINADE: Poems. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **8s.**
OUR SENSATION NOVEL. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**
DOOM! An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**
DOLLY: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**
LILY LASS: A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**
THE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS: Persian Tales. Edited by JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. With 2 Photogravures by STANLEY L. WOOD. Two Vols., crown 8vo, half-bound, **12s.**

MACDONALD (GEORGE, LL.D.), WORKS BY.

WORKS OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION. Ten Vols., cl. extra, gilt edges, in cloth case, **21s.** Or the Vols. may be had separately, in grolier cl., at **2s. 6d.** each.

Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.—THE HIDDEN LIFE.
" II. THE DISCIPLE.—THE GOSPEL WOMEN.—BOOK OF SONNETS.—ORGAN SONGS.
" III. VIOLIN SONGS.—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS.—A BOOK OF DREAMS.—ROADSIDE POEMS.—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.
" IV. PARABLES.—BALLADS.—SCOTCH SONGS.
" V. & VI. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance. | Vol. VII. THE PORTENT.
" VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS.—THE GIANT'S HEART.—SHADOWS.
" IX. CROSS PURPOSES.—THE GOLDEN KEY.—THE CARASOYN.—LITTLE DAYLIGHT
" X. THE CRUEL PAINTER.—THE WOW O' RIVVEN.—THE CASTLE.—THE BROKEN SWORDS.—THE GRAY WOLF.—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE MACDONALD. Collected and arranged by the Author. 2 vols., crown 8vo, buckram, **12s.**
A THREEFOLD CORD. Edited by GEORGE MACDONALD. Post 8vo, cloth, **5s.**
HEATHER AND SNOW: A Novel. 2 vols., crown 8vo.

MACGREGOR.—PASTIMES AND PLAYERS: Notes on Popular Games. By ROBERT MACGREGOR. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MACKAY.—INTERLUDES AND UNDERTONES; or, Music at Twilight. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY (THE) OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS: 85 PORTRAITS; with Memoirs — Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MACQUOID (MRS.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

IN THE ARDENNES. With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
PICTURES AND LEGENDS FROM NORMANDY AND BRITTANY. With 34 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
THROUGH NORMANDY. With 92 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
THROUGH BRITTANY. With 35 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
ABOUT YORKSHIRE. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE EVIL EYE, and other Stories. | **LOST ROSE.**

MAGIC LANTERN, THE, and its Management: including full Practical Directions. By T. C. HEPWORTH. 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, THE: Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

MAGNA CHARTA: An Exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, **5s.**

MALLOCK (W. H.), WORKS BY.

THE NEW REPUBLIC. Post 8vo, picture cover, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
THE NEW PAUL & VIRGINIA: Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**
POEMS. Small 4to, parchment, **8s.**
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

MALLORY'S (SIR THOMAS) MORT D'ARTHUR: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. (A Selection.) Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

MARK TWAIN, WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE CHOICE WORKS OF MARK TWAIN. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.
ROUGHING IT, and **INNOCENTS AT HOME.** With 200 Illusts. by F. A. FRASER.
MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR. With 197 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra (illustrated), **7s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD; or, New Pilgrim's Progress. With 234 Illustrations. (The Two-Shilling Edition is entitled **MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP.**)
THE GILDED AGE. By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illustrations.
THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. With 111 Illustrations.
A TRAMP ABROAD. With 314 Illustrations.
THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER. With 190 Illustrations.
LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. With 300 Illustrations.
ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. With 174 Illusts. by E. W. KEMBLE.
A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. With 220 Illusts. by BEARD.
MARK TWAIN'S SKETCHES. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT. With 81 Illustrations by HAL HURST, &c.
THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE, and other New Stories.

MARLOWE'S WORKS. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MARRYAT (FLORENCE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

A HARVEST OF WILD OATS.
OPEN! SESAME!
FIGHTING THE AIR.
WRITTEN IN FIRE.

MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **6s.**

MASTERMAN.—HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS: A Novel. By J. MASTERMAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MATTHEWS.—A SECRET OF THE SEA, &c. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MAYHEW.—LONDON CHARACTERS AND THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LONDON LIFE. By HENRY MAYHEW. With Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

MENKEN.—INFELICIA: Poems by ADAH ISAACS MENKEN. With Illustrations by F. E. LUMMIS and F. O. C. DARLEY. Small 4to, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MERRICK.—THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. By LEONARD MERRICK, Author of "Violet Moses," &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MEXICAN MUSTANG (ON A), through Texas to the Rio Grande. By A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX. With 265 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MIDDLEMASS (JEAN), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

TOUCH AND GO.
MR. DORILLION.

MILLER.—PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUNG; or, The House of Life: Human Physiology, with its application to the Preservation of Health. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MILTON (J. L.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN. With Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, &c.
THE BATH IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE LAWS OF LIFE, AND THEIR RELATION TO DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF LEPROSY. Demy 8vo, **1s.**

MINTO (WM.)—WAS SHE GOOD OR BAD? Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

MITFORD.—THE GUN-RUNNER: A Romance of Zululand. By BERTRAM MITFORD. With Frontispiece by S. L. WOOD. Cr. 8vo, **3s. 6d.** [*Shortly.*

MOLESWORTH (MRS.), NOVELS BY.
HATHERCOURT RECTORY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THAT GIRL IN BLACK. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MOORE (THOMAS), WORKS BY.
THE EPICUREAN; and ALCIPHRON. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**
PROSE AND VERSE, Humorous, Satirical, and Sentimental, by THOMAS MOORE; with Suppressed Passages from the MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON. Edited by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MUDDOCK (J. E.), STORIES BY.
STORIES WEIRD AND WONDERFUL. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
THE DEAD MAN'S SECRET; or, The Valley of Gold. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
FROM THE BOSOM OF THE DEEP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD: A Romance of Old Sherwood Forest. With 12 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards. **2s.** each.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.	HEARTS.	BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.
JOSEPH'S COAT.	WAY OF THE WORLD	A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.
COALS OF FIRE.	A MODEL FATHER.	FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.
VAL STRANGE.	OLD BLAZER'S HERO.	CYNIC FORTUNE.

BOB MARTIN'S LITTLE GIRL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
TIME'S REVENGES. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE) & HENRY HERMAN, WORKS BY.
ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
PAUL JONES'S ALIAS. With 13 Illustrations. | THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.

MURRAY (HENRY), NOVELS BY.
A GAME OF BLUFF. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
A SONG OF SIXPENCE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

NEWBOLT.—TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY. By HENRY NEWBOLT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.**

NISBET (HUME), BOOKS BY.
"BAIL UP!" Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
DR. BERNARD ST. VINCENT. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
LESSONS IN ART. With 21 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**
WHERE ART BEGINS. With 27 Illusts. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

NOVELISTS.—HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST NOVELISTS OF THE CENTURY. Edit. by H. T. MACKENZIE BELL. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** [*Preparing.*

O'HANLON (ALICE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNFORESEEN. | CHANCE? OR FATE?

OHNET (GEORGES), NOVELS BY.
DOCTOR RAMEAU. 9 Illusts. by E. BAYARD. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**; post 8vo, bds., **2s.**
A LAST LOVE. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.**; post 8vo, boards, **2s.**
A WEIRD GIFT. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, boards, **2s.**

OLIPHANT (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRIMROSE PATH. | THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND
WHITELADIES. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

O'REILLY (HARRINGTON).—FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL: Adventures of JOHN Y. NELSON. 100 Illusts. by P. FRENZENY. Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.**

O'REILLY (MRS.).—PHŒBE'S FORTUNES. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

OUIDA, NOVELS BY.

Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, llust. bds., **2s.** each.

HELD IN BONDAGE.	FOLLE-FARINE.	MOTHS.
TRICOTRIN.	A DOG OF FLANDERS.	PIPISTRELLO.
STRATHMORE.	PASCAREL.	A VILLAGE COMMUNE.
CHANDOS.	TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.	IN MAREMMA.
CECIL CASTLEMAINE'S GAGE.	SIGNA.	BIMBI. | SYRLIN.
IDALIA.	IN A WINTER CITY.	WANDA.
UNDER TWO FLAGS.	ARIADNE.	FRESCOES. | OTHMAR.
PUCK.	FRIENDSHIP.	PRINCESS NAPRAXINE.
		GUILDEROY. | RUFFINO.

BIMBI. Presentation Edition, with Nine Illustrations by EDMUND H. GARRETT. Square 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

SANTA BARBARA, &c. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

WISDOM, WIT, AND PATHOS, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** CHEAP EDITION, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PAGE (H. A.), WORKS BY.

THOREAU: His Life and Aims. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ANIMAL ANECDOTES. Arranged on a New Principle. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS AND ELECTIONEERING, A HISTORY OF, from the Stuarts to Queen Victoria. By JOSEPH GREGO. A New Edition, with 93 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

PAUL.—GENTLE AND SIMPLE. By MARGARET A. PAUL. With Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

PAYN (JAMES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.	A GRAPE FROM A THORN.
WALTER'S WORD.	FROM EXILE.
LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE PAINTED.	THE CANON'S WARD.
BY PROXY.	THE TALK OF THE TOWN.
HIGH SPIRITS.	HOLIDAY TASKS.
UNDER ONE ROOF.	GLOW-WORM TALES.
A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.	THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE.
	THE WORD AND THE WILL.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

HUMOROUS STORIES.	FOUND DEAD.
THE FOSTER BROTHERS.	GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.
THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.	A MARINE RESIDENCE.
MARRIED BENEATH HIM.	MIRK ABBEY. | SOME PRIVATE VIEWS.
BENTINCK'S TUTOR.	NOT WOOED, BUT WON.
A PERFECT TREASURE.	TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.
A COUNTY FAMILY.	THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.	HALVES. | THE BURNT MILLION.
A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.	FALLEN FORTUNES.
CARLYON'S YEAR. | CECIL'S TRYST.	WHAT HE COST HER.
MURPHY'S MASTER.	KIT: A MEMORY. | FOR CASH ONLY.
AT HER MERCY.	A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.
THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.	SUNNY STORIES.

IN PERIL AND PRIVATION: Stories of MARINE ADVENTURE. With 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

NOTES FROM THE "NEWS." Crown 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PENNELL (H. CHOLMONDELEY), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.** each.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. With Illustrations.

PEGASUS RE-SADDLED. With Ten full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.

THE MUSES OF MAYFAIR. Vers de Société, Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

PHELPS (E. STUART), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

BEYOND THE GATES. By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."	AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE.
	BURGLARS IN PARADISE.

JACK THE FISHERMAN. Illustrated by C. W. REED. Cr. 8vo. **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PIRKIS (C. L.), NOVELS BY.

TROOPING WITH CROWS. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

LADY LOVELACE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PLANCHE (J. R.), WORKS BY.
THE PURSUIVANT OF ARMS. With Six Plates, and 209 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. **7s. 6d.**
SONGS AND POEMS, 1819-1879. Introduction by Mrs. MACKARNESS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. Translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. With Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **10s. 6d.**

POE'S (EDGAR ALLAN) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Poetry. Introduction by CHAS. BAUDELAIRE, Portrait, and Facsimiles. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

PRAED (MRS. CAMPBELL), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** ea.
THE ROMANCE OF A STATION. | **THE SOUL OF COUNTESS ADRIAN.**
"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE." By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED and JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

PRICE (E. C.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
VALENTINA. | **THE FOREIGNERS.** | **MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL.**
GERALD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PRINCESS OLGA.—RADNA; or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the Princess OLGA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

PROCTOR (RICHARD A., B.A.), WORKS BY.
FLOWERS OF THE SKY. With 55 Illusts. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
EASY STAR LESSONS. With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year. Cr. 8vo, **6s.**
FAMILIAR SCIENCE STUDIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM. With 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth ex., **10s. 6d.**
MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE. With Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
THE UNIVERSE OF SUNS. With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**
WAGES AND WANTS OF SCIENCE WORKERS. Crown 8vo, **1s. 6d.**

PRYCE.—MISS MAXWELL'S AFFECTIONS. By RICHARD PRYCE. Frontispiece by HAL LUDLOW. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

RAMBOSSON.—POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. With numerous Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

RANDOLPH.—AUNT ABIGAIL DYKES: A Novel. By Lt.-Colonel GEORGE RANDOLPH, U.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

READE (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.
PEG WOFFINGTON. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL.
COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. Illust. HELEN PATERSON.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF, &c. Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.
LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. Illusts. by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and C. KEENE.
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE.
HARD CASH. Illustrated by F. W. LAWSON.
GRIFFITH GAUNT. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and WILLIAM SMALL.
FOUL PLAY. Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Illustrated by ROBERT BARNES.
A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. Illustrated by EDWARD HUGHES and A. W. COOPER.
A SIMPLETON. Illustrated by KATE CRAUFURD.
THE WANDERING HEIR. Illust. by H. PATERSON, S. L. FILDES, C. GREEN, &c.
A WOMAN-HATER. Illustrated by THOMAS COULDERY.
SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE. Illustrated by P. MACNAB.
GOOD STORIES OF MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS. Illust. by E. A. ABBEY, &c.
THE JILT, and other Stories. Illustrated by JOSEPH NASH.
A PERILOUS SECRET. Illustrated by FRED. BARNARD.
READIANA. With a Steel-plate Portrait of CHARLES READE.
BIBLE CHARACTERS: Studies of David, Paul, &c. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, **1s.**
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. With an Introduction by WALTER BESANT. Elzevir Edition. 4 vols., post 8vo, each with Front., cl. ex., gilt top, **14s.** the set.
SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES READE. Cr. 8vo, buckram, **6s.**

RIDDELL (MRS. J. H.), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY. | **WEIRD STORIES.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNINHABITED HOUSE. | **HER MOTHER'S DARLING.**
MYSTERY IN PALACE GARDENS. | **THE NUN'S CURSE.**
FAIRY WATER. | **IDLE TALES.**

RIMMER (ALFRED), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.
OUR OLD COUNTRY TOWNS. With 55 Illustrations.
RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW. With 50 Illustrations.
ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. With 58 Illusts. by C. A. VANDERHOOF, &c.

RIVES (Amélie).—BARBARA DERING. By AMÉLIE RIVES, Author of "The Quick or the Dead?" Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DEFOE. (MAJOR'S EDITION.) With 37 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

ROBINSON (F. W.), NOVELS BY.
WOMEN ARE STRANGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE HANDS OF JUSTICE. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

ROBINSON (PHIL), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
THE POETS' BIRDS. | **THE POETS' BEASTS.**
THE POETS AND NATURE: REPTILES, FISHES, AND INSECTS.

ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY, THE: A List of the Principal Warriors who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066–7. With Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Handsomely printed, **5s.**

ROWLEY (HON. HUGH), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.
PUNIANA: RIDDLES AND JOKES. With numerous Illustrations.
MORE PUNIANA. Profusely Illustrated.

RUNCIMAN (JAMES), STORIES BY. Post 8vo, bds., **2s.** ea.; cl., **2s. 6d.** ea.
SKIPPERS AND SHELLBACKS. | **GRACE BALMAIGN'S SWEETHEART.**
SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.

RUSSELL (W. CLARK), BOOKS AND NOVELS BY:
Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** ea.
ROUND THE GALLEY-FIRE. | **A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK.**
IN THE MIDDLE WATCH. | **MYSTERY OF THE "OCEAN STAR."**
A VOYAGE TO THE CAPE. | **THE ROMANCE OF JENNY HARLOWE**
Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** ea.; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** ea.
AN OCEAN TRAGEDY. | **MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.**
ALONE ON A WIDE WIDE SEA.
ON THE FO'K'SLE HEAD. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

SAINT AUBYN (ALAN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.
A FELLOW OF TRINITY. Note by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and Frontispiece.
THE JUNIOR DEAN.
Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE OLD MAID'S SWEETHEART. | **MODEST LITTLE SARA.**
THE MASTER OF ST. BENEDICT'S. Two Vols., crown 8vo.

SALA (G. A.).—GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

SANSON.—SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS: Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SAUNDERS (JOHN), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GUY WATERMAN. | **THE LION IN THE PATH.** | **THE TWO DREAMERS.**
BOUND TO THE WHEEL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SAUNDERS (KATHARINE), NOVELS BY.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
MARGARET AND ELIZABETH. | **HEART SALVAGE.**
THE HIGH MILLS. | **SEBASTIAN.**
JOAN MERRYWEATHER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
GIDEON'S ROCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SCIENCE-GOSSIP. Edited by Dr. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., &c. Devoted to Geology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Zoology, Microscopy, Telescopy, Physiography, &c. **4d.** Monthly. Pts. 1 to 300, **8d.** each; Pts. 301 to date, **4d.** each. Vols. I. to XIX., **7s. 6d.** each; Vols. XX. to date, **5s.** each. Cases for Binding, **1s. 6d.**

SCOTLAND YARD, Past and Present: Experiences of 37 Years. By Ex-Chief-Inspector CAVANAGH. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

SECRET OUT, THE: One Thousand Tricks with Cards; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

SEGUIN (L. G.), WORKS BY.

THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY (OBERAMMERGAU) and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WALKS IN ALGIERS. With 2 Maps and 16 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SENIOR (WM.).—BY STREAM AND SEA. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE FOR CHILDREN: LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. With Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Cr. 4to, **6s.**

SHARP.—CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW: A Novel. By WILLIAM SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SHARP, LUKE (ROBERT BARR), STORIES BY.

IN A STEAMER CHAIR. With 2 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

FROM WHOSE BOURNE, &c. With 47 Illustrations. [*Shortly.*

SHELLEY.—THE COMPLETE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **3s. 6d.** each.

POETICAL WORKS, in Three Vols.:

Vol. I. Introduction by the Editor; Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew; Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen: Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.

Vol. II. Laon and Cythna; The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion; Hellas.

Vol. III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

PROSE WORKS, in Two Vols.:

Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne; the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.

Vol. II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With a Bibliography of Shelley, and an Index of the Prose Works.

SHERARD (R. H.).—ROGUES: A Novel. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SHERIDAN (GENERAL). — PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN. With Portraits and Facsimiles. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

SHERIDAN'S (RICHARD BRINSLEY) COMPLETE WORKS. With Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches and Jokes. 10 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, hf.-bound, **7s. 6d.**

THE RIVALS, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and other Plays. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

SHERIDAN'S COMEDIES: THE RIVALS and **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, **12s. 6d.**

SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c. by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

SIGNBOARDS: Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With Coloured Frontispiece and 94 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SIMS (GEORGE R.), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.
THE RING O' BELLS.
MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS.
MARY JANE MARRIED.
TALES OF TO-DAY.
DRAMAS OF LIFE. With 60 Illustrations.
TINKLETOP'S CRIME. With a Frontispiece by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.
ZEPH: A Circus Story, &c.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

HOW THE POOR LIVE; and **HORRIBLE LONDON.**
THE DAGONET RECITER AND READER: being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by GEORGE R. SIMS.
THE CASE OF GEORGE CANDLEMAS. | **DAGONET DITTIES.**

SISTER DORA: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. With Four Illustrations. Demy 8vo, picture cover, **4d.**; cloth, **6d.**

SKETCHLEY.—A MATCH IN THE DARK. By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

SLANG DICTIONARY (THE): Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**

SMITH (J. MOYR), WORKS BY.

THE PRINCE OF ARGOLIS. With 130 Illusts. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
TALES OF OLD THULE. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **6s.**
THE WOOING OF THE WATER WITCH. Illustrated. Post 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

SOCIETY IN LONDON. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SOCIETY IN PARIS: The Upper Ten Thousand. A Series of Letters from Count PAUL VASILI to a Young French Diplomat. Crown 8vo. cloth, **6s.**

SOMERSET. — SONGS OF ADIEU. By Lord HENRY SOMERSET. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **6s.**

SPALDING.—ELIZABETHAN DEMONOLOGY: An Essay on the Belief in the Existence of Devils. By T. A. SPALDING, LL.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

SPEIGHT (T. W.), NOVELS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE MYSTERIES OF HERON DYKE.
BY DEVIOUS WAYS, &c.
THE GOLDEN HOOP.
HOODWINKED; and **THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY.**
BACK TO LIFE. | **THE LOUDWATER TRAGEDY.**

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A BARREN TITLE.
THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**
WIFE OR NO WIFE?

SPENSER FOR CHILDREN. By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, **6s.**

STARRY HEAVENS (THE): A POETICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

STAUNTON.—THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF CHESS. With an Analysis of the Openings. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by ROBERT B. WORMALD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

STEDMAN (E. C.), WORKS BY.

VICTORIAN POETS. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, **9s.**
THE POETS OF AMERICA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

STERNDALE. — THE AFGHAN KNIFE: A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALE. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

STEVENSON (R. LOUIS), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY. Seventh Edit. With a Frontis. by WALTER CRANE.
AN INLAND VOYAGE. Fourth Edition. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. Sixth Edition.
THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. With a Frontispiece. Third Edition.
THE MERRY MEN. Third Edition. | **UNDERWOODS:** Poems. Fifth Edition.
MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. Third Edition.
VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE, and other Papers. Seventh Edition. | **BALLADS.**
ACROSS THE PLAINS, with other Memories and Essays.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE SUICIDE CLUB; and **THE RAJAH'S DIAMOND.** (From NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.) With Six Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**
PRINCE OTTO. Sixth Edition. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
FATHER DAMIEN: An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, hand-made and brown paper, **1s.**

STODDARD. — SUMMER CRUISING IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated by WALLIS MACKAY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

STORIES FROM FOREIGN NOVELISTS. With Notices by HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

STRANGE MANUSCRIPT (A) FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER. With 19 Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

STRANGE SECRETS. Told by CONAN DOYLE, PERCY FITZGERALD, FLORENCE MARRYAT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Eight Illusts., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SUBURBAN HOMES (THE) OF LONDON: A Residential Guide. With a Map, and Notes on Rental, Rates, and Accommodation. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

SWIFT'S (DEAN) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in "Gulliver's Travels." Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, and **A TALE OF A TUB.** Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

JONATHAN SWIFT: A Study. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **8s.** [*Shortly.*

SWINBURNE (ALGERNON C.), WORKS BY.

SELECTIONS FROM POETICAL WORKS OF A. C. SWINBURNE. Fcap. 8vo, **6s.**
ATALANTA IN CALYDON. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
CHASTELARD: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
POEMS AND BALLADS. FIRST SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, **9s.**
POEMS AND BALLADS. SECOND SERIES. Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, **9s.**
POEMS AND BALLADS. THIRD SERIES. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE. Crown 8vo, **10s. 6d.**
BOTHWELL: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **12s. 6d.**
SONGS OF TWO NATIONS. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
GEORGE CHAPMAN. (*See* Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S Works.) Crown 8vo, **6s.**
ESSAYS AND STUDIES. Crown 8vo, **12s.**
ERECHTHEUS: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
STUDIES IN SONG. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
MARY STUART: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **8s.**
TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE. Crown 8vo, **9s.**
A CENTURY OF ROUNDELS. Small 4to, **8s.**
A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
MARINO FALIERO: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
A STUDY OF VICTOR HUGO. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
MISCELLANIES. Crown 8vo, **12s.**
LOCRINE: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**
A STUDY OF BEN JONSON. Crown 8vo, **7s.**
THE SISTERS: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, **6s.**

SYMONDS.—WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG: Mediæval Latin Students' Songs. With Essay and Trans. by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Fcap. 8vo, parchment, **6s.**

SYNTAX'S (DR.) THREE TOURS: In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With ROWLANDSON'S Coloured Illustrations, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

TAINE'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small demy 8vo, cl. bds., **30s.**—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **15s.**

TAYLOR'S (BAYARD) DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB: Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

TAYLOR (DR. J. E., F.L.S.), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.** each.
THE SAGACITY AND MORALITY OF PLANTS: A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illustrations.
OUR COMMON BRITISH FOSSILS, and Where to Find Them. 331 Illustrations.
THE PLAYTIME NATURALIST. With 360 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

TAYLOR'S (TOM) HISTORICAL DRAMAS. Containing "Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "'Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
*** The Plays may also be had separately, at **1s.** each.

TENNYSON (LORD): A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Cheap Edition, post 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THACKERAYANA: Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

THAMES.—A NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE THAMES. By A. S. KRAUSSE. With 340 Illustrations Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THIERS.—HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE & EMPIRE OF FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON. By A. THIERS. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL and JOHN STEBBING. New Edition, reset in a specially-cast type, with 36 Steel Plates. 12 vols, demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each. (First Volume ready September next.)

THOMAS (BERTHA), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, **2s.** ea.
THE VIOLIN-PLAYER.
PROUD MAISIE.
CRESSIDA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THOMSON'S SEASONS, and CASTLE OF INDOLENCE. With Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and 48 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**

THORNBURY (WALTER), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF J. M. W. TURNER. Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends. With Illustrations in Colours.

HAUNTED LONDON. Edit. by E. WALFORD, M.A. Illusts. by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD. | **TALES FOR THE MARINES.**

TIMBS (JOHN), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE HISTORY OF CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN LONDON: Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelries, and Taverns. With 42 Illustrations.

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS AND ECCENTRICITIES: Stories of Delusions, Impostures, Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, &c. 48 Illustrations.

TROLLOPE (ANTHONY), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. | **MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.**
FRAU FROHMANN. | **MARION FAY.** | **THE LAND-LEAGUERS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

KEPT IN THE DARK. | **AMERICAN SENATOR.**
GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. | **JOHN CALDIGATE.**

TROLLOPE (FRANCES E.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA. | **MABEL'S PROGRESS.** | **ANNE FURNESS.**

TROLLOPE (T. A.).—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

TROWBRIDGE.—FARNELL'S FOLLY: A Novel. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

TYTLER (C. C. FRASER-).—MISTRESS JUDITH: A Novel. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

TYTLER (SARAH), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE BRIDE'S PASS. | **BURIED DIAMONDS.**
LADY BELL. | **THE BLACKHALL GHOSTS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH. | **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.**
CITOYENNE JACQUELINE. | **DISAPPEARED.**
SAINT MUNGO'S CITY. | **THE HUGUENOT FAMILY.**
NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

VILLARI.—A DOUBLE BOND. By LINDA VILLARI. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

WALT WHITMAN, POEMS BY. Edited, with Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper and buckram, **6s.**

WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation, by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth antique, **7s. 6d.**

WARD (HERBERT), WORKS BY.

FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS. With 92 Illustrations by the Author, VICTOR PERARD, and W. B. DAVIS. Third ed. Roy. 8vo, cloth ex., **14s.**

MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD. With a Map by F. S. WELLER, F.R.G.S. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WARNER.—A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

WARRANT TO EXECUTE CHARLES I. A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and Seals. Printed on paper 22 in. by 14 in. **2s.**

WARRANT TO EXECUTE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. A Facsimile, including Queen Elizabeth's Signature and the Great Seal. **2s.**

WASSERMANN (LILLIAS), NOVELS BY.

THE DAFFODILS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS. By AARON WATSON and LILLIAS WASSERMANN, 3 vols., crown 8vo.

WALFORD (EDWARD, M.A.), WORKS BY.
WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (1893). Containing the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of 12,000 Heads of Families their Heirs, Offices, Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, **50s.**
WALFORD'S WINDSOR PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE (1893). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **12s. 6d.**
WALFORD'S SHILLING PEERAGE (1893). Containing a List of the House of Lords, Scotch and Irish Peers, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**
WALFORD'S SHILLING BARONETAGE (1893). Containing a List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**
WALFORD'S SHILLING KNIGHTAGE (1893). Containing a List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**
WALFORD'S SHILLING HOUSE OF COMMONS (1893). Containing a List of all Members of the New Parliament, their Addresses, Clubs, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**
WALFORD'S COMPLETE PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND HOUSE OF COMMONS (1893). Royal 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **5s.**
TALES OF OUR GREAT FAMILIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WEATHER, HOW TO FORETELL THE, WITH POCKET SPECTROSCOPE. By F. W. Cory. With 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WESTALL (William).—TRUST-MONEY. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

WHIST.—HOW TO PLAY SOLO WHIST. By Abraham S. Wilks and Charles F. Pardon. New Edition. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

WHITE.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White, M.A. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

WILLIAMS (W. MATTIEU, F.R.A.S.), WORKS BY.
SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
A SIMPLE TREATISE ON HEAT. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKERY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
THE CHEMISTRY OF IRON AND STEEL MAKING. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

WILLIAMSON (MRS. F. H.).—A CHILD WIDOW. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

WILSON (DR. ANDREW, F.R.S.E.), WORKS BY.
CHAPTERS ON EVOLUTION. With 259 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
LEAVES FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
LEISURE-TIME STUDIES. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
STUDIES IN LIFE AND SENSE. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**
COMMON ACCIDENTS: HOW TO TREAT THEM. Illusts. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**
GLIMPSES OF NATURE. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WINTER (J. S.), STORIES BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
CAVALRY LIFE. | **REGIMENTAL LEGENDS.**
A SOLDIER'S CHILDREN. With 34 Illustrations by E. G. Thomson and E. Stuart Hardy. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WISSMANN.—MY SECOND JOURNEY THROUGH EQUATORIAL AFRICA. By Hermann von Wissmann. With 92 Illusts. Demy 8vo, **16s.**

WOOD.—SABINA: A Novel. By Lady Wood. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

WOOD (H. F.), DETECTIVE STORIES BY. Cr. 8vo, **6s.** ea.; post 8vo, bds. **2s.**
PASSENGER FROM SCOTLAND YARD. | **ENGLISHMAN OF THE RUE CAIN.**

WOOLLEY.—RACHEL ARMSTRONG; or, Love and Theology. By Celia Parker Woolley. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

WRIGHT (THOMAS), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
CARICATURE HISTORY OF THE GEORGES. With 400 Caricatures, Squibs, &c.
HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF THE GROTESQUE IN ART, LITERATURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

WYNMAN.—MY FLIRTATIONS. By Margaret Wynman. With 13 Illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

YATES (EDMUND), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
LAND AT LAST. | **THE FORLORN HOPE.** | **CASTAWAY.**

ZOLA (EMILE), NOVELS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
THE DOWNFALL. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. Third Edition.
THE DREAM. Translated by Eliza Chase. With 8 Illustrations by Jeanniot.

LISTS OF BOOKS CLASSIFIED IN SERIES.

*** *For fuller cataloguing, see alphabetical arrangement, pp. 1–25.*

THE MAYFAIR LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** per Volume.

A Journey Round My Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE.
Quips and Quiddities. By W. D. ADAMS.
The Agony Column of "The Times."
Melancholy Anatomised: Abridgment of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."
The Speeches of Charles Dickens.
Poetical Ingenuities. By W. T. DOBSON.
The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. FIRST SERIES.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. SECOND SERIES.
Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.
Animals and Masters. By Sir A. HELPS.
Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS.
Curiosities of Criticism. H. J. JENNINGS.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast-Table.
Pencil and Palette. By R. KEMPT.
Little Essays: from LAMB'S Letters.
Forensic Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD
Theatrical Anecdotes. JACOB LARWOOD.
Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.
Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Ourselves. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Pastimes & Players. By R. MACGREGOR.
New Paul and Virginia. W.H.MALLOCK.
New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.
Puck on Pegasus. By H. C. PENNELL.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. By H. C. PENNELL.
Muses of Mayfair. Ed. H. C. PENNELL.
Thoreau: His Life & Aims. By H. A. PAGE.
Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
More Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
The Philosophy of Handwriting.
By Stream and Sea. By WM. SENIOR.
Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

THE GOLDEN LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** per Volume.

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.
Bennett's Ballad History of England.
Bennett's Songs for Sailors.
Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.
Pope's Poetical Works.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast Table.
Jesse's Scenes of Country Life.
Leigh Hunt's Tale for a Chimney Corner.
Mallory's Mort d'Arthur: Selections.
Pascal's Provincial Letters.
Rochefoucauld's Maxims & Reflections.

THE WANDERER'S LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

Wanderings in Patagonia. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.
Camp Notes. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Savage Life. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Merrie England in the Olden Time. By G. DANIEL. Illustrated by CRUIKSHANK.
Circus Life. By THOMAS FROST.
Lives of the Conjurers. THOMAS FROST.
The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST.
Low-Life Deeps. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
Wilds of London. JAMES GREENWOOD.
Tunis. Chev. HESSE-WARTEGG. 22 Illusts.
Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack.
World Behind the Scenes. P. FITZGERALD.
Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings.
The Genial Showman. By E. P. HINGSTON.
Story of London Parks. JACOB LARWOOD.
London Characters. By HENRY MAYHEW.
Seven Generations of Executioners.
Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated.

POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS.

Harry Fludyer at Cambridge.
Jeff Briggs's Love Story. BRET HARTE.
Twins of Table Mountain. BRET HARTE.
Snow-bound at Eagle's. By BRET HARTE.
A Day's Tour. By PERCY FITZGERALD.
Esther's Glove. By R. E. FRANCILLON.
Sentenced! By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.
The Professor's Wife. By L. GRAHAM.
Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Niagara Spray. By J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. By CHARLES JAMES.
Garden that Paid Rent. TOM JERROLD.
Cut by the Mess. By ARTHUR KEYSER.
Teresa Itasca. By A. MACALPINE.
Our Sensation Novel. J. H. MCCARTHY.
Doom! By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Dolly. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Lily Lass. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.
Was She Good or Bad? By W. MINTO.
Notes from the "News." By JAS. PAYN.
Beyond the Gates. By E. S. PHELPS.
Old Maid's Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Burglars in Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Jack the Fisherman. By E. S. PHELPS.
Trooping with Crows. By C. L. PIRKIS.
Bible Characters. By CHARLES READE.
Rogues. By R. H. SHERARD.
The Dagonet Reciter. By G. R. SIMS.
How the Poor Live. By G. R. SIMS.
Case of George Candlemas. G. R. SIMS.
Sandycroft Mystery. T. W. SPEIGHT.
Hoodwinked. By T. W. SPEIGHT.
Father Damien. By R. L. STEVENSON.
A Double Bond. By LINDA VILLARI.
My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard. By HERBERT WARD.

HANDY NOVELS.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, **1s. 6d.** each.

The Old Maid's Sweetheart. A. ST. AUBYN
Modest Little Sara. ALAN ST. AUBYN.
Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. M. E. COLERIDGE.
Taken from the Enemy. H. NEWBOLT.
A Lost Soul. By W. L. ALDEN.
Dr. Palliser's Patient. G. ALLEN.

MY LIBRARY.

Choice Works, printed on laid paper, bound half-Roxburghe, **2s. 6d.** each.

Four Frenchwomen. By AUSTIN DOBSON.
Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare. By W. S. LANDOR.
The Journal of Maurice de Guerin.
Christie Johnstone. By CHARLES READE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece.
Peg Woffington. By CHARLES READE.
The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb.

THE POCKET LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and hf.-bd., **2s.** each.

The Essays of Elia. By CHARLES LAMB.
Robinson Crusoe. Edited by JOHN MAJOR. With 37 Illusts. by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
Whims and Oddities. By THOMAS HOOD. With 85 Illustrations.
The Barber's Chair, and **The Hedgehog Letters.** By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Gastronomy. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.
The Epicurean, &c. By THOMAS MOORE.
Leigh Hunt's Essays. Ed. E. OLLIER.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Gulliver's Travels, and **The Tale of a Tub.** By Dean SWIFT.
The Rivals, School for Scandal, and other Plays by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
Anecdotes of the Clergy. J. LARWOOD.
Thomson's Seasons. Illustrated.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and **The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.** By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

LIBRARY EDITIONS OF NOVELS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

By F. M. ALLEN.
Green as Grass.

By GRANT ALLEN.
Philistia.
Babylon.
Strange Stories.
Beckoning Hand.
In all Shades.
The Tents of Shem.
For Maimie's Sake.
The Devil's Die.
This Mortal Coil.
The Great Taboo.
Dumaresq's Daughter.
Blood Royal.
The Duchess of Powysland.
Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.
Phra the Phœnician.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.
A Fellow of Trinity.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.
Red Spider.
Eve.

By W. BESANT & J. RICE.
My Little Girl.
Case of Mr. Lucraft.
This Son of Vulcan.
Golden Butterfly.
By Celia's Arbour.
Monks of Thelema.
The Seamy Side.
Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

By WALTER BESANT.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
Herr Paulus.
All in a Garden Fair
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon.
Bell of St. Paul's.
To Call Her Mine.
The Holy Rose.
Armorel of Lyonesse.
St. Katherine's by the Tower.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
The Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature.
Matt.
Heir of Linne.
The Martyrdom of Madeline.
God and the Man.
Love Me for Ever.
Annan Water.
The New Abelard.
Foxglove Manor.
Master of the Mine.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar.
The Deemster.

MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.
Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
Blacksmith and Scholar.
Village Comedy.
You Play Me False.

By WILKIE COLLINS.
Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Two Destinies.
Law and the Lady.
Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
Little Novels.
The Evil Genius.
The Legacy of Cain
A Rogue's Life.
Blind Love.

By DUTTON COOK.
Paul Foster's Daughter.

By MATT CRIM.
Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By B. M. CROKER.
Diana Barrington.
Proper Pride.
Pretty Miss Neville.
A Bird of Passage.

By WILLIAM CYPLES.
Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.
The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.
The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.
A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.
Our Lady of Tears.
Circe's Lovers.

By DICK DONOVAN.
Tracked to Doom.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.
Archie Lovell.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.
The New Mistress.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.
Fatal Zero.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.
Queen Cophetua.
One by One.
A Real Queen.
King or Knave

Pref. by Sir BARTLE FRERE.
Pandurang Hari.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray. | The Golden Shaft.
Loving a Dream. | Of High Degree.
The Flower of the Forest.

By E. GLANVILLE.

The Lost Heiress. | The Fossicker.

By CECIL GRIFFITH.

Corinthia Marazion.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By BRET HARTE.

A Waif of the Plains.
A Ward of the Golden Gate.
A Sappho of Green Springs.
Colonel Starbottle's Client.
Susy. | Sally Dows.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Dust.
Ellice Quentin. | Fortune's Fool.
Sebastian Strome. | Beatrix Randolph.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By Sir A. HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

By ISAAC HENDERSON.

Agatha Page.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

The Leaden Casket. | Self-Condemned.
That other Person.

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game.
"The Wearing of the Green."

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | Ione.
Under which Lord? | Paston Carew.
"My Love!" | Sowing the Wind.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Comet of a Season.

By AGNES MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

By BERTRAM MITFORD.

The Gun-Runner.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Life's Atonement. | Val Strange.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | A Model Father.
Old Blazer's Hero.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular. | Cynic Fortune.
The Way of the World.

By MURRAY & HERMAN.

The Bishops' Bible.
Paul Jones's Alias.

By HUME NISBET.

"Bail Up!"

By GEORGES OHNET.

A Weird Gift.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | In a Winter City.
Chandos. | Ariadne.
Under Two Flags. | Friendship.
Idalia. | Moths. | Ruffino.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | Pipistrello.
Tricotrin. | Puck. | A Village Commune
Folle Farine. | Bimbi. | Wanda.
A Dog of Flanders. | Frescoes. | Othmar.
Pascarel. | Signa. | In Maremma.
Princess Naprax-ine. | Syrlin. | Guilderoy.
Santa Barbara.

By MARGARET A. PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
A Grape from a Thorn.
In Peril and Privation.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Canon's Ward.
Walter's Word. | Talk of the Town
By Proxy. | Holiday Tasks.
High Spirits. | The Burnt Million.
Under One Roof. | The Word and the Will.
From Exile. | Sunny Stories.
Glow-worm Tales.

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
The Autobiography of a Thief.
Put Yourself in his Place.
A Terrible Temptation.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Hard Cash. | Wandering Heir.
Peg Woffington. | A Woman-Hater.
Christie Johnstone. | A Simpleton.
Griffith Gaunt. | Readiana.
Foul Play. | The Jilt.
A Perilous Secret.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
Weird Stories.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
Bound to the Wheel.
The Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Margaret and Elizabeth.
Gideon's Rock. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By LUKE SHARP.
In a Steamer Chair.
From Whose Bourne.

By HAWLEY SMART.
Without Love or Licence.

By R. A. STERNDALE.
The Afghan Knife.

By BERTHA THOMAS.
Proud Maisie. | The Violin-player.

By FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.
Stories from Foreign Novelists.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.
Marion Fay. | Land-Leaguers.
The Way We Live Now.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.
The Bride's Pass. | Lady Bell.
Buried Diamonds.
The Blackhall Ghosts.

By MARK TWAIN.
The American Claimant.
The £1,000,000 Bank-note.

By J. S. WINTER.
A Soldier's Children.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

By ARTEMUS WARD.
Artemus Ward Complete.

By EDMOND ABOUT.
The Fellah.

By HAMILTON AIDE.
Carr of Carrlyon. | Confidences.

By MARY ALBERT.
Brooke Finchley's Daughter.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.
Maid, Wife, or Widow? | Valerie' Fate.

By GRANT ALLEN.
Strange Stories. | The Devil's Die.
Philistia. | This Mortal Coil.
Babylon. | In all Shades.
The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Sake. | Tents of Shem.
Great Taboo. | Dumaresq's Daughter.

By E. LESTER ARNOLD.
Phra the Phœnician.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.
A Fellow of Trinity. | The Junior Dean.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.
Red Spider. | Eve.

By FRANK BARRETT.
Fettered for Life.
Between Life and Death.
The Sin of Olga Zassoulich.
Folly Morrison. | Honest Davie.
Lieut. Barnabas. | A Prodigal's Progress.
Found Guilty. | A Recoiling Vengeance.
For Love and Honour.
John Ford; and His Helpmate.
Little Lady Linton.

By W. BESANT & J. RICE.
This Son of Vulcan. | By Celia's Arbour.
My Little Girl. | Monks of Thelema.
Case of Mr. Lucraft. | The Seamy Side.
Golden Butterfly. | Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.

By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.
Grantley Grange.

By AMBROSE BIERCE.
In the Midst of Life.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Camp Notes. | Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.

By WALTER BESANT
Dorothy Forster. | Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon. | Herr Paulus.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
To Call Her Mine.
The Bell of St. Paul's. | The Holy Rose.
Armorel of Lyonesse.
St. Katherine's by the Tower.

By BRET HARTE.
Californian Stories. | Gabriel Conroy.
An Heiress of Red Dog. | Flip.
The Luck of Roaring Camp. | Maruja.
A Phyllis of the Sierras.

By HAROLD BRYDGES.
Uncle Sam at Home.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
The Shadow of the Sword. | The Martyrdom of Madeline.
A Child of Nature. | Annan Water.
God and the Man. | The New Abelard.
Love Me for Ever. | Matt.
Foxglove Manor. | The Heir of Linne.
The Master of the Mine.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar. | The Deemster.

By Commander CAMERON.
The Cruise of the "Black Prince."

By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON.
Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

By AUSTIN CLARE.
For the Love of a Lass.

By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.
Paul Ferroll.
Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.
The Cure of Souls.

By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.
The Bar Sinister.

MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.
Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
Fight with Fortune. | Village Comedy.
Sweet and Twenty. | You Play me False.
Blacksmith and Scholar. | Frances.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina. | Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
Miss or Mrs?
New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies.
Haunted Hotel.
A Rogue's Life.
My Miscellanies.
Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
"I Say No."
The Evil Genius.
Little Novels.
Legacy of Cain.
Blind Love.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.

Every Inch a Soldier.

By DUTTON COOK.

Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

By MATT CRIM.

Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By B. M. CROKER.

Pretty Miss Neville. | Bird of Passage.
Diana Barrington. | Proper Pride.

By WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.

The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Sketches by Boz. | Oliver Twist.
Pickwick Papers. | Nicholas Nickleby.

By DICK DONOVAN.

The Man-Hunter. | Caught at Last!
Tracked and Taken. | Wanted!
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
The Man from Manchester.
A Detective's Triumphs.
In the Grip of the Law.
From Information Received.
Tracked to Doom. | Link by Link.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Felicia. | Kitty.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Roxy.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

The New Mistress.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Bella Donna. | Polly.
Never Forgotten. | Fatal Zero.
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.

By PERCY FITZGERALD and others.

Strange Secrets.

ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

Filthy Lucre.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

Olympia.
One by One.
A Real Queen.
Queen Cophetua.
King or Knave?
Romances of Law.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By HAROLD FREDERICK.

Seth's Brother's Wife.
The Lawton Girl.

Prof. by Sir BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

By HAIN FRISWELL.

One of Two.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray.
Fancy Free.
For Lack of Gold.
What will the World Say?
In Love and War.
For the King.
In Pastures Green.
Queen of Meadow.
A Heart's Problem.
The Dead Heart.
In Honour Bound.
Flower of Forest.
Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
Mead and Stream.
Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.
Heart's Delight.
Blood-Money.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.

Dr. Austin's Guests. | James Duke.
The Wizard of the Mountain.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.

The Lost Heiress. | The Fossicker.

By HENRY GREVILLE.

A Noble Woman. | Nikanor.

By JOHN HABBERTON.

Brueton's Bayou. | Country Luck.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.

Every-Day Papers.

By Lady DUFFUS HARDY.

Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD.

The Tenth Earl.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth.
Ellice Quentin.
Fortune's Fool.
Miss Cadogna.
Sebastian Strome.
Dust.
Beatrix Randolph.
Love—or a Name.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

By HENRY HERMAN.

A Leading Lady.

By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.

The Lover's Creed.

By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER.

The House of Raby.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

'Twixt Love and Duty.

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.

A Maiden all Forlorn.
In Durance Vile.
Marvel.
A Mental Struggle.
A Modern Circe.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

Thornicroft's Model. | Self-Condemned.
That Other Person. | Leaden Casket.

By JEAN INGELOW.

Fated to be Free.

By HARRIETT JAY

The Dark Colleen.
The Queen of Connaught.

By MARK KERSHAW.

Colonial Facts and Fictions.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game. | Passion's Slave.
"The Wearing of the Green."
Bell Barry.

By JOHN LEYS.

The Lindsays.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | Paston Carew.
World Well Lost. | "My Love!"
Under which Lord? | Ione.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
Sowing the Wind.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
The Comet of a Season.

By HUGH MACCOLL.

Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet.

By AGNES MACDONELL.

Quaker Cousins.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

The Evil Eye. | Lost Rose.

By W. H. MALLOCK.

The New Republic.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Open! Sesame! | Fighting the Air.
A Harvest of Wild Oats.
Written in Fire.

By J. MASTERMAN.

Half-a-dozen Daughters.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A Secret of the Sea.

By LEONARD MERRICK.

The Man who was Good.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.

Hathercourt Rectory.

By J. E. MUDDOCK.

Stories Weird and Wonderful.
The Dead Man's Secret.
From the Bosom of the Deep.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Model Father. | Old Blazer's Hero.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | Way of the World.
Val Strange. | Cynic Fortune.
A Life's Atonement.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.

By MURRAY and HERMAN.

One Traveller Returns.
Paul Jones's Alias.
The Bishops' Bible.

By HENRY MURRAY.

A Game of Bluff.

By HUME NISBET.

"Bail Up!"
Dr. Bernard St. Vincent.

By ALICE O'HANLON.

The Unforeseen. | Chance? or Fate?

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By GEORGES OHNET.

Doctor Rameau. | A Last Love.
A Weird Gift.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

Whiteladies. | The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY.

Phœbe's Fortunes.

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | Friendship.
Chandos. | Moths.
Under Two Flags. | Pipistrello.
Idalia. | A Village Commune.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | Bimbi.
Tricotrin. | Wanda.
Puck. | Frescoes.
Folle Farine. | In Maremma.
A Dog of Flanders. | Othmar.
Pascarel. | Guilderoy.
Signa. | Ruffino.
Princess Napraxine. | Syrlin.
In a Winter City. | Ouida's Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.
Ariadne.

MARGARET AGNES PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Bentinck's Tutor. | £200 Reward.
Murphy's Master. | Marine Residence.
A County Family. | Mirk Abbey.
At Her Mercy. | By Proxy.
Cecil's Tryst. | Under One Roof.
Clyffards of Clyffe. | High Spirits.
Foster Brothers. | Carlyon's Year.
Found Dead. | From Exile.
Best of Husbands. | For Cash Only.
Walter's Word. | Kit.
Halves. | The Canon's Ward
Fallen Fortunes. | Talk of the Town.
Humorous Stories. | Holiday Tasks.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Perfect Treasure.
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Family Scapegrace.
What He Cost Her.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Like Father, Like Son.
Married Beneath Him.
Not Wooed, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
Glow-worm Tales.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Burnt Million.
The Word and the Will.
A Prince of the Blood.
Sunny Stories.

By C. L. PIRKIS.

Lady Lovelace.

By EDGAR A. POE.

The Mystery of Marie Roget.

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

The Romance of a Station.
The Soul of Countess Adrian.

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival. | Gerald.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Christie Johnstone.
Put Yourself in His Place.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
Autobiography of a Thief.
A Terrible Temptation.
The Wandering Heir. | Hard Cash.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Peg Woffington. | A Simpleton.
Griffith Gaunt. | Readiana.
Foul Play. | A Woman-Hater.
A Perilous Secret. | The Jilt.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Weird Stories. | Fairy Water.
Her Mother's Darling.
Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Uninhabited House.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
The Nun's Curse. | Idle Tales.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By JAMES RUNCIMAN.

Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Hammock.
The Mystery of the "Ocean Star."
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.
An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Gaslight and Daylight.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
The Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Joan Merryweather. | Heart Salvage.
The High Mills. | Sebastian.
Margaret and Elizabeth.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Tales of To-day. | Dramas of Life.
Tinkletop's Crime.
Zeph: A Circus Story.

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

A Match in the Dark.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Without Love or Licence.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
The Golden Hoop. | By Devious Ways.
Hoodwinked, &c. | Back to Life.
The Loudwater Tragedy.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By R. A. STERNDALE.

The Afghan Knife.

By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

New Arabian Nights. | Prince Otto.

BY BERTHA THOMAS.

Cressida. | Proud Maisie.
The Violin-player.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

Tales for the Marines.
Old Stories Re-told.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.
Marion Fay. | John Caldigate.
The Way We Live Now.
The American Senator.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Land-Leaguers.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Farnell's Folly.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By MARK TWAIN.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent.
The Gilded Age.
Mark Twain's Sketches.
Tom Sawyer. | A Tramp Abroad.
The Stolen White Elephant.
Huckleberry Finn.
Life on the Mississippi.
The Prince and the Pauper.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.

The Bride's Pass. | Noblesse Oblige.
Buried Diamonds. | Disappeared.
Saint Mungo's City. | Huguenot Family.
Lady Bell. | Blackhall Ghosts.
What She Came Through.
Beauty and the Beast.
Citoyenne Jaqueline.

By Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON.

A Child Widow.

By J. S. WINTER.

Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

By H. F. WOOD.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By Lady WOOD.

Sabina.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Rachel Armstrong; or, Love & Theology.

By EDMUND YATES.

The Forlorn Hope. | Land at Last.
Castaway.

OGDEN, SMALE AND CO. LIMITED, PRINTERS, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows Interest on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE for Two Guineas per Month.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND for Five Shillings per Month.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, *with full particulars, post free.*

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

CRICKET
CRICKET
TENNIS
TENNIS

"OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S"
"SAMBULINE" REG.
OR ELDER GLYCERINE & HONEY JELLY.

CYCLING
CYCLING
ROWING
ROWING

An Elegant and Harmless Preparation for Improving the Skin,

AGREEABLE for ALLAYING IRRITATION caused by HEAT,

CHAFING through Exertion or Exposure to the Sun, at Seaside, Fishing, Cricket, Tennis, Cycling, Riding and Rowing, PRICKLY HEAT, SUN BLISTERS, &c.,

ARRESTING GNAT, MOSQUITO AND INSECT BITE IRRITATION.

FREE FROM GREASE OR STICKINESS.

Prepared only by OSBORNE, BAUER and CHEESEMAN,

Sole Proprietors of

The "INCOMPARABLE SMELLING SALTS" (*as supplied to the Queen*),

"BABY'S SOAP,"

Specially prepared for **Children** or Adults with **Tender Skin**, 6*d*.,

"BAUER'S HEAD (and Bath) SOAP," "NAFATHA SOAP" for Tender Feet, &c.

19, GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, **1s.**

Samples post free from the Proprietors, 12 *Stamps.*

HENRY BLACKBURN'S ART HANDBOOKS.

Demy 8vo, Illustrated, uniform in size for binding.

ACADEMY NOTES, separate years, from 1875–1887, and 1889–1892, each 1*s.*

ACADEMY NOTES, 1893. With numerous Illustrations. 1*s.*

ACADEMY NOTES, 1875–1879. Complete in One Volume, with about 600 Illustrations. Cloth limp, 6*s.*

ACADEMY NOTES, 1880–84. Complete in One Volume, with about 700 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6*s.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, 1877. 6*d.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, separate years, from 1878 to 1890, each 1*s.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. I., 1877–82. With about 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6*s.*

GROSVENOR NOTES, Vol. II., 1883–87. With about 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 6*s.*

THE NEW GALLERY, 1888–1892. With numerous Illustrations. Each 1*s.*

THE NEW GALLERY, 1893. With numerous Illustrations. 1*s.*

PICTURES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889. With 100 Illustrations. 1*s.*

ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 114 Illustrations. 1*s.*

OLD MASTERS at the NATIONAL GALLERY. 128 Illustrations. 1*s.* 6*d.*

AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY. With Notes by H. BLACKBURN and 242 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 3*s.*

THE PARIS SALON, 1893. With over 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 3*s.*

THE PARIS SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, 1893. With 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

Sold by the Principal Druggists at Home and Abroad.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT'S CACHOUX.

At 6d.; by Inland Post, 7d.

Dainty Morsels in the form of tiny silver bullets which dissolve in the mouth and surrender to the Breath their Hidden Fragrance.

JACKSON'S BENZINE RECT.

At 6d., 1s. and 2s. 6d.; by Parcels Post, 3d. extra.

For taking out Grease, Oil, Paint, &c., from all absorbent fabrics. Dress or Drapery, Kids, Books, and Manuscript it cleans with equal success.

JACKSON'S Chinese Diamond CEMENT

At 6d. and 1s.; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Mending every article of Ornament or Furniture, Glass, China, Earthenware, &c.

JACKSON'S INCENSE SPILLS.

At 6d.; by Inland Post for 7d.

A Sparkling means of Incensing a Domicile and of Exorcising Evil Smells by the liberation of Ozone. Of special value in the Sick-Room.

An enchanter's little wand, that, on being fired, becomes to the receptive as a Medium which quickens the fancy, be its mood grave or gay, kindly leading the captive to that ladder the top of which reaches through the clouds to the borders of fairyland.

JACKSON'S RUSMA.

At 1s.; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Removal of Hair from the Arms, Neck or Face, without the use of the razor, as well as Sunburn or Tan from the Skin.

WANSBROUGH'S METALLIC NIPPLE SHIELDS.

At 1s. per pair; by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

LADIES NURSING, for the prevention and Cure of Sore Nipples.

Sent Abroad, where a Post Parcel Service is open, at Current Rates,

FROM THE LABORATORY OF

THOMAS JACKSON,

Strangeways, MANCHESTER.

[*Series BETA.*] 1892.

TWENTY HIGHEST AWARDS.

PEARS

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER

MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

AND

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

E. EVANS, ENGRAVER & PRINTER, RACQUET CT., FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.